

CAVALCADE

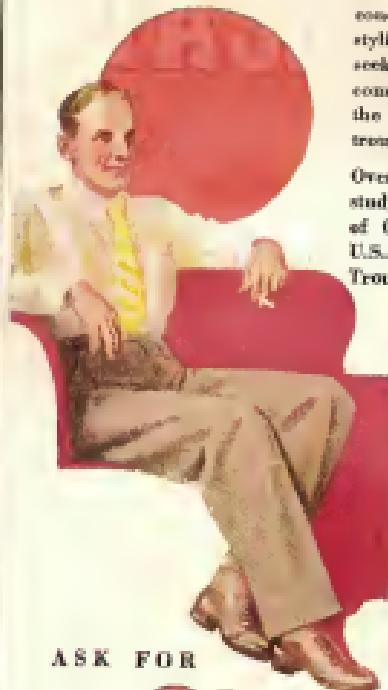
NOVEMBER 16
1952

WICKEDEST WOMAN
IN ROME — Page 4

ASSISTANT OF
DEATH — Page 12



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Cavalcade

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Printed by Commercial Newsprint Ltd., Woolstonecraft Street, Parramatta, for the proprietors, Cavalcade Magazine Pty. Ltd., 14 Young Street, Sydney, N.S.W. All rights reserved. All correspondence relating to Cavalcade should be addressed to P.O. BOX 100, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Produced by THE K. G. MURRAY LTD. CO. PTY. LTD., Sydney, Publisher EDW. G. MURRAY • JOHN G. MURRAY • GENEVIEVE MURRAY • ROBERT T. SMITH • COTTON MILLS, SALTERS, S. SYDNEY • Production, WALTER FARNHAM • Layout, MURRAY • WALTER T. CHARLES • Promotion, DAVID MURRAY • Circulation Manager, DALE SPENCE • Art Department, RODD FORTIN

Wholesale Distributors, Australia and South Africa: LTD.

ADVERTISING

COLIN A. FITZPATRICK Esq., 24 Young Street, Sydney, N.S.W. • J. EDITH H. MARSHALL • 40 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, East, VICT. • ARTHUR L. HARRY, 811 Churchill Building, Castle Place, Adelaide, SA 5000.

stared thoughtfully at the water. He whispered in a half voice. "Monsaline—your name may be used to perplex the fates as the stars, but I advise you to do no longer here. I command you to leave your abode on the water."

The water stared at the girl. Suddenly shone in his eyes. Then slowly all the expression went out of his face, and eyes upon her bowed low.

He said in a steady voice. "As you commanded, my lord." He seemed resolute now to the girl. He said finally. "As you will—my lady—command."

The eyes of the girl glittered with an almost maniac gleam of victory—a gleam mixed with the flame of desire.

And so Monsaline, most adored and prodigal of all Roman prostitutes, had triumphed once . . .

But when she was only twenty-five years old, Monsaline packed more adultery into her short life than thousands of other profligate women who lived twice that time.

It would be impossible, however, for any woman to have bred out in one lifetime all the extremes and unusual acts attributed to her.

Monsaline had, of course, many affairs except both the women and men of her day. Chief among them was Appiusca the Younger, the mother of the emperor who followed Claudius to the throne, the adored Nero.

Appiusca's remorse occasioned a number of bitter and dolorously-referenced to Monsaline. It is believed it was from these that Juvencus, years later, picked the material for the shadowy stories he relates concerning the wife of Claudius.

One of these stories of Juvencus' states that Monsaline's lust and oversex was such that the frequently-dismayed himself, explored the depths of

public brothels under the name of Lyons, and greatly delighted the less she received.

This story seems a little hard to believe, although some historians consider that it is consistent with the life of Monsaline as recorded by other chroniclers of that day.

Properly enough these women were Taurian. Although born some six or seven years after the death of Messalina, he made very keep importunate unto her life.

Thus it is that Taurian gives record of perhaps the most infamous, and certainly the most notorious, of all Messalina's frenzied orgies—her famous "marriage" with the youth, Cato Silanus, while her emperor-husband Claudius was absent in Gaul.

Cato Silanus is described by Thrasius as "the handmaiden of the Roman womb." The old historian states that Messalina was an "especially unassured" of him that she made him divorce his wife, Julia Silana, for her.

Messalina showered gifts upon the young patrician and consul-elect. The royal welcome was soon due after she drew up outside the home of Silenus.

Of course, she was merely following the example of many of the emperors in more or less violent and sex-mad marriage partners and taking another. But for a woman to do it and to do it to an Imperial Caesar, however weak and battle-worn he may have been—was an entirely different thing altogether.

Messaline, however, went about with her vice. She celebrated the illicit orgies in full sight of all.

The "marriage" went through, but almost immediately, Narcissus, a freedman engineer, taking two women with him who had witnessed the affair, hastened off at once to Ostia to take the news to the emperor.

Claudius was no fighting Caesar—in him there was none of the Richard

steel of Faust Julius or Augustus.

His insertion with Messalina—when he was forty-eight and she but thirty-two—was third. Narcissus wrote of him that he was "incredulous in his passion for women." It was probably such dullness that kept him more or less unconcerned with the profligacy of his wife.

However, this time Messalina had turned even the weakly-flowing blood of her husband. He returned post-haste to Rome.

It was the time of celebration of the grape-harvest. Messalina—ever ready to seize upon such occasions for bawdy revelry—was with the hawks of Silenus, leading a riotous Bacchic in the grounds of the palace.

But Claudius had already come to town with the power and fury of one of the fighting Caesars. He was already visiting his soldiers' quarters with the blood of past loves of Messalina.

Deserted by all, the empress hid

in the gardens of the palace, having sent out forth her two children, Octavia and Britannicus, and the Volca, the chief of the Varid tribes, to play for her.

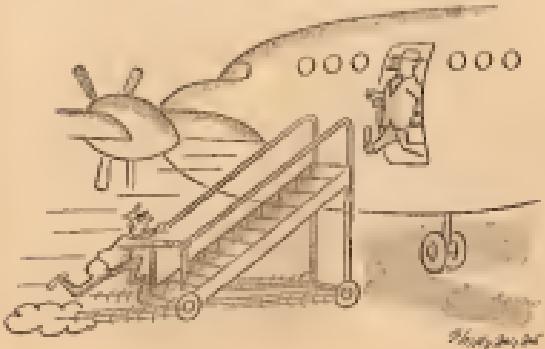
But Messalina—fearing that Narcissus might warn her way back into the emperor's good graces and make them hot for himself—sent soldiers to the gardens. They slew Messalina in the very arms of her mother.

Claudius was at a loss when he was told of her death. It is said that he recovered the news by merely sipping his morning cup of wine . . .

She wore a crown about her head that showed the mark of her deification as the goddess Cerer—the goddess of corn and harvests.

It would have been more fitting if she had worn the crown of Venus, the goddess of love.

And it would have been more fitting still if in that crown had been placed a pair of horns. If ever there lived a she-devil in human form, it was Messalina, Empress of Rome.



Blackmarket in Bodies



Budding surgeons used practice on fresh cadavers. Once they were only obtainable from professional body-snatchers

A PAINT from the terrible spiritual struggles undergone by surgeons in the path of duty, in trying to avoid patients it struck with the bleeding hearts of adored nurses and gauze-clothed matrons, one of their greatest problems has always been to procure fresh "subjects" for dissection.

Nowadays a certain stability of supply of bodies exists, but in the hectic days of the beginning of the nineteenth century, the dissecting rooms carried bloody stains of murder and violence.

Until the passing of the Anatomy

Act of 1832, the only "subjects" available for dissection in medical schools were the bodies of those who had paid the death penalty. Members of the College of Surgeons of Scotland, England and Ireland were compelled by law to dissect these bodies in part of the penalty paid by the犯人.

Friends of the criminals viewed the operations of the dissectors with an enlarged eye; hangmen were disgraced and "hang-dish"—"dissection by dis- tury" was not only undignified, but revolting. Horrors were frequent.

The situation altered in the era

of the "body-snatcher" and the "re- turnees."

The cycle of "watching" actually began about 1750, but it did not have the positive thrown on it until the first decades of the eighteenth century.

The grisly story of Ellen Treanor and James Walsh, who were hanged for selling bodies, is typical of what was happening in this murky period of medical history.

At their trial, it was revealed that they met a poor woman and her child and invited her to their home for shelter. While one placed her with them, the other crept the boy to another room and suffocated him. The boy was sold to students for two shillings, normally, when the master was disengaged and the two body-snatchers hanged, they themselves reflected the doom of dissection.

In 1771, the gravedigger and his assistant at St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, were convicted of snatching bodies. Both were sentenced to six months' imprisonment and to be whipped on his bare back twice during his passage from Hullock Street to St. Giles, a distance of half a mile. This sentence was carried out amidst crowds of viewing spectators.

Body-snatching became big news. The public imagination let itself go with all sorts of fantastic horror-filled inventions. Horrific menageries were placed over bodies. Watchers sat up at night beside newlydug graves, and took all sorts of precautions to prevent their dissection.

The "Revenants" were a truth but fear rocket descended an operation from so-called respectable undertakers, coroners and grave-diggers. Each of these received their take-off from the takings.

The great bodies organised. One of the most famous firms was led by a man named Andrew Morrison, or

more familiarly, "Manny Andrew." He lived near a graveyard, drank 18 glasses of new whisky daily and got subjects as cheap as "penny pie."

The business centred in buying the private history of persons dying in cheap lodgings houses and examining their relatives during their last moments. The landlord was usually relieved for the remains to be taken away.

A false minister than staged a phony funeral, and the processions would necessarily head for some cemetery in the country—the real destination being the Edinburgh dissecting rooms.

"Manny Andrew" turned it on properly—he even made the buried body of his mate when price were at their tip level.

Increase in the demand for bodies gave the body-snatchers the impetus to dabble in bigger still—export and import business on a wide scale. Headquarters of the gang were located in Dublin, and the main storage depot was the Anatomy School of the Royal College of Surgeons—with the consequence of well-preserved corpses on the Calypso road.

The hit-and-run in the business was a regular novel surgeon named Wilson Ross, who employed gangs of "Revenants" to rob city and suburban graveyards. He also supervised the export trade and had crews especially labelled "pirates," "bootes," and so forth.

Sometimes there was a mix-up in the arrangements. A cargo arrived at Glasgow, during January, 1851, addressed to a teacher who refused to take delivery because the freight was over £50. The consignment was supposed to contain cotton and linen bags.

The crates lay in the port sheds for some time until the sheriff stirred officials to action. The cases were

**DOLLAR SIGNS DO NOT
(ALWAYS) APPLY**

Sing a song of expense,
A pocket full of rye—
A house that's full of sorrow,
A flavor that goes to my
And wherefore all the sorrow,
And why, pray, do you cry?
Well, think! A song of expense!
And what will expense buy?

found it tougher and tougher to get a sufficient supply of bodies. Then on December 21, 1831, he was introduced to the next houses body-snatchers of the period—William Burke and William Hare.

They went into the business when one of his lodger house tenants "got into him" for four pounds rent and then suddenly died. The sale of the body netted him nearly thirty pounds. The credit earned opened the door for him and his partner to travel the path of crime—or what they thought was an easy way to wealth.

Their techniques were simple. Friendless lodgers' strategies were adopted and used to spend the night at Hare's lodging house. These they were given some bathed dynamics and silently suffocated.

The intruders then carried the bodies to the dissecting rooms, where Dr. Knox, "beyond a reasonable doubt," asked no questions.

The sales of cadavers topped 11 before the partners became nervous and knew their show was over. On December 21, 1831, they were brought to trial and charged with murder.

Both pleaded not guilty, but Hare, who was the director of the pair, turned King's evidence. On Christmas morning, December 25, 1831, Burke was found guilty.

A record crowd attended the public hanging and demanded the execution of both Hare and Dr. Knox as well; high prices were paid for seats and the crowd roared derisively as Burke went to the gallows.

After the execution of Burke many burned dissecting rooms in Glasgow and Edinburgh and other parts of the country. A public inquiry was demanded into the activities of Dr. Knox. It was claimed on his behalf that the bodies he bought were friends of the watchmen. This didn't satisfy the mob; they at-

tacked his house, Knox escaped and fled to London where he died in poverty 33 years later.

The resulting resolutions of the trial of Burke brought into focus the need for revision of the laws regarding the supply of "subjects" for dissection in medical schools.

Representations were made to adopt the French practice of allowing exemptions of the poor and governors of hospitals to supply for dissection bodies of persons who were not claimed by relatives.

The House of Lords rejected the bill on the grounds that the treatment was unfair to the poor. Meanwhile another assembly of body-snatching bodies sat in London.

The two top members of this snatching hierarchy were John Burke and Thomas Williams. Operating in

suburban cemeteries in London, their crew looted 399 bodies over a 12-year period.

Their methods were as certain as those of their Scottish counterparts. When bodies were scarce, they played the game of ransom to keep up profits. They were convicted and executed in 1831.

On December 21, 1832, an Act was passed "for regulating Schools of Anatomy." All several sources of supply were cut out and "subjects" for dissection were made available by legal means; persons known mostly of dead bodies were permitted to send them to medical schools.

This is the stage that supply of "subjects" has reached today; body-snatching has been replaced in the criminal mind by profits more lucrative and less gruesome.



based in certain the painful bodies of men, women and children, consigned from the Dublin cemetery. The huckster received his silver coins after he had rejected the freight.

Gang was broke out in Dublin, which resulted in a disruption in the supply of bodies to the Dublin Trinity College. The raid also drew public attention to the operations of the body-snatchers. A public fund was started to pay "a sufficient number of men to guard the interests of our poor fellow citizens."

The law was very ahead of the new public-spirited society. He secured for his underworld men to take on the job of "watchers." The blackmarketeer in bodies continued to draw even bigger salaries.

Round about 1830, Edinburgh University reached the north of its fame as a medical center, and Sir John Burdett appointed a brilliant surgeon named Robert Knox as Professor of Anatomy.

All said Knox boasted that he "always had a well-kept stable," but he

Who was this stranger masquerading as a doctor who claimed that old people were useless and must die?

KILL DELAY



Assistant of Death

If there was nothing else about the man to attract attention, his dress was, to say the least, eccentric. He wore a leather jacket, though the belt of which was studded with unsharpened knife-blades; leather leggings; a wide hat and a beard that, though dark, was carefully trimmed. Yet, in spite of this spectacular get-up, he moved through the swanky New

York hotel with supreme dignity.

His advent this morning was dramatic. But those who saw him, that day in June, 1934, did not realize that that was their first glimpse of a man who, in less than a year would blithely, even proudly, acknowledge himself as a grisly murderer.

But first, he would establish himself as a good spender, and introduce

himself as wild beasts—and a man of mystery. He was, he declared, a man with a mission. He did not, then, add that his mission was murder.

Within a month, he was gone.

In the following February, the District Attorney planned questioning the detective at a detective.

"What," he asked, "has been the death rate at the Institution until recently?"

The detective estimated that perhaps one death each month would have been a liberal estimate.

"And now . . . everything is Jane," sniped the District Attorney. "For any time are children, this, in the place?"

"Yes. But none has died. Each of the 11 has been an aged person."

"Who is in charge of the Institution?"

"That's the peculiar part about it. When I investigated, I asked for a list of the staff. There is a superintendent and a medical staff—but the king-pin seemed to be a fellow named More. Foreign, I'd say. He has a big black beard."

"Find out something about this fellow More," said the District Attorney. "Find out how he came to get a job in the place, investigate his past."

The detective came back with the information that More had introduced himself to the authorities of the Institution—a famous New York mental asylum—as a graduate of a large hospital in Europe. Incredibly, they accepted his story and he became known as "Doctor More."

The detective discovered two more facts: that the "doctor" was the same man who, a few months before, had made such a deep impression on those who frequented a well-known New York hotel; and that he had been sent to the Institution by an employment agency—as a porter.

A cable sent to the European hospital brought a reply that it had never employed a Doctor More. Martino, further investigation of the Institution indicated that the names listed him. Some of them, at least, had already written to relatives asking to be taken from the institution.

"Why?" asked the detective.

Because he lost his temper with them. Because he snored loudly at them. Because—he had almost invariably been the last person to see the man or woman who had died.

The detective went back to the hotel where More had made his questionable entrance.

"What was the main theme of More's conversation with you?" he asked the butler.

"There hadn't been one . . . but wait . . . he had mentioned that he had come to America to carry out a mission. I'd looked a bit queer at him and it . . .

The detective made his next call the steward who filled the passenger cabin for the hospital. The steward remembered Dr. More well. It had struck him as a little peculiar that the doctor had ordered a great deal of chloroform.

The District Attorney listened to the detective's report and ordered direct action. They would search Doctor More's belongings at the institution . . .

There, they found enough poison and chloroform to last a doctor-sized hospital a full week. Why was it that? It was only rarely that the Institution's authorities were called upon to operate.

The time had come to talk to Dr. More. He greeted the detectives easily and willingly agreed to visit the office of the District Attorney.

Sitting in the District Attorney's office, he asked for a cigar. Such

A eight-year-old boy was saying. He told his parents that the boy next door had punched him. His father said "If he hits you again, you hit him back." Soon after he came running in again and announced "He's saying now." Replied his father "That's right, always hit them back when they have a go at you, son." The boy replied reluctantly "Oh, he didn't hit me again, but I thought he might have done, so I hit him back first."

requests were to become punctuation marks in the story he told them. At first, it appeared that he would not be cooperative in answering their questions.

Had he ever attended a University?

"Oh, yes."

"Where?"

"In Europe."

"Which University?" He was afraid he could not tell them.

"Hospital expenses?"

"A few months?"

"Where?"

"He refused to tell them. "What was his real name?" Did that matter?"

"Why had he come to America?" That didn't matter, either.

The man with the beard asked for a bottle of water. When they refused his request, he walked at them and became silent. They brought him the water, and he asked them to bring it to room temperature. He sat, bearded and smiling, until the

bearded detective carried out his request.

"Did you kill any of the old people at the institution?" he was then asked.

"Doctor Mori" nodded and smiled.

"Of course," he said. "You've been asking me silly questions. Why didn't you ask me that in the first place? Of course I killed them—all but eight."

The statement was made simply, calmly. He looked at them from benign eyes. The detective stared back at him, soberly silent and shorthaired.

"But why? They were only poor old people."

"That's a why. They were old people. People shouldn't be allowed to live to an old age. They are a nuisance, old people. They want things. They wanted things when I was busy. They asked for more blankets at night . . . Or more food. Old people are bothersome. So I killed some of them."

"How did you kill them?"

"I went to their rooms when they were asleep and gave them an overdose of chloroform until they died. They didn't struggle much."

So the examination continued. The bearded doctor met their questions directly and volubly. Throughout, the benign smile never left his face. He told them that within a few months he would have killed every old person in the institution.

This, then, had been the mission of the bearded man who had so greatly impressed the people at one of New York's largest hotels.

They sent him to the psychiatric ward of a New York hospital. There, one day, he looked out on to the yard where many old people were resting in the sun.

"It's a pity," he said. "I could fix them up . . . all of them . . . in a

week and without any pain or fuss."

Meanwhile, the file marked "Doctor Mori" in the department of the District Attorney was becoming thicker. His real name was Frederick Mencik. Born of humble parents in Vienna, he had proved a hopeless failure at school. He had had no trouble with the police over or over, but his offenses had been trivial.

It was obvious now that Mori (or Mencik) was used both to an asylum, he became a model and trusted prisoner. He evaded not the slightest trouble, and only lost his classification when authorities refused his request that he be allowed to help nurse ailing inmates.

He pointed out that, as an administrator, he could be of great service as a hospital assistant, and would do his

utmost to ease the burdens of suffering—particularly aged sufferers.

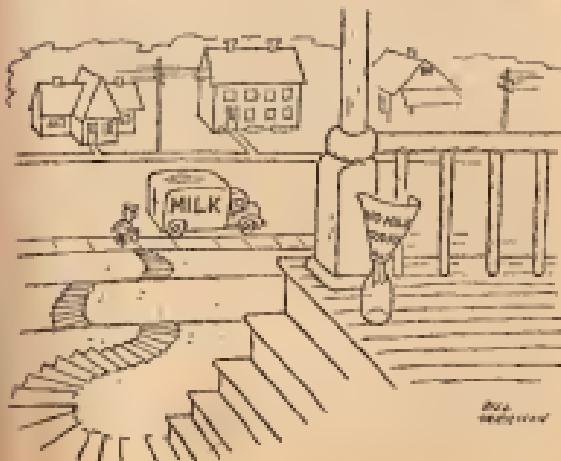
He could never quite understand why his offer was not accepted.

Then, one day, Mori (or Mencik) disappeared. He had not seemed dissatisfied with the treatment he'd been receiving. In fact, he had displayed considerable elation over his way of living.

Nevertheless, he one day made an escape from the asylum. And in spite of one of the most intensive man-hunts in American history, he was never recaptured.

"Doctor Mori" was only 31 when, in 1915, he brought permanent silence to aged sufferers.

If he is alive he would be over 80 years of age now. He would, in fact, be himself an old man.



BEN KERCHNER

Peril in the WHITE SOUTH



ARTHUR SCHOLES

A member of the party that established the official weather station on Heard Island surveys Australian exploration of the Antarctic.

AT this moment a group of ten lonely men at the Australian Antarctic Weather Station at Heard Island, 1,200 miles southward of Tasmania, face a desolate future, full of anxiety and danger for the loss of two of their number.

It was announced recently by the Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Casey, that two members of the expedition had perished on a survey party from their base at Adelie Cove

One of the men was walked out to sea by heavy waves, another man fell down a crevasse and was never seen again; the third member of the party staggered back into camp, frost-bitten and suffering from exhaustion.

This was the first tragedy to occur at the Heard Island base camp. It was established by Lieutenant Robert Campbell's expedition in December, 1937.

Antarctic exploration always has had its price. Australians have been prominently connected with it, since the first expeditions sailed south at the end of last century.

A Melbourne businessman, John Henry Bell, commanded the first Australian expedition, in 1897, to the Australian Antarctic Territory. Bell used a steam-whaler named "Antarctic."

Bell's party was the first to land on the Antarctic continent. They set foot at Cape Adare, on the western edge of the Ross Sea. On the return journey the vessel was trapped in the pack-ice, and nearly lost the crew. Only after an unexpected rise in temperature did the ice break up sufficiently, and enable the "Antarctic" to make her way into the open sea.

The second expedition to Antarctica also had a good Australian element. It was led by C. E. Rothery, a New Zealand-Australian who had been a companion with Bell's party.

Rothery, financed by the millionaire British publisher, Sir George Newnes, sailed south in the "Southern Cross." They anchored at Cape Adare, where a penguin hut was taken apart and assembled. Two men even camped to spend the first winter on the Antarctic.

Until then, no one knew how cold the Antarctic winter was. Rothery found it was 40 degrees below Fahrenheit, or 22 degrees of frost on water-level at his base camp.

He once suffered dreadful pain-fests. Once again, a Norwegian scientist, dead before the end of the winter. His body was taken to the peak of the nearby cliffs, and buried under the ice. Others went to their tasks with frost-bite, malnutrition, and exhaustion.

In the depth of winter the men were marooned in their hut. Rothery ate two or three times a week, constant pain, and phenomenally low temper-

nature, kept the men by their books. All of them suffered from stomach complaints.

But when the first rays of the sun came were seen in a reddish-orange day, the men were out and about to welcome the stranger. In a week, exploration parties were dredging round the peninsula, and attempting to drive over the continent to the source of the unknown country.

Rothery's party welcomed the 20th century with a special celebration-freeg, peacock-breast and scallops for all hands.

When the relief ship arrived, the men had spent 13 months cut off from the world—for there was no radio in those days.

It was only then that they heard the Boer war had broken out in South Africa.

The Australian story that thrilled the world was that of Sir Douglas Mawson's 1911-14 expedition to the Antarctic. The highlight was Mawson's arduous journey back to his Cape Denison base in King George V Land, after the deaths during a sledging journey for mapping purposes, of two members of the expedition—Lands, G. R. S. Mawson and Dr K. Mawson.

Mawson disappeared without a sound into a crevasse, with a sledge carrying the greater part of the supplies and equipment. Then Morris died of exhaustion and privation.

Mawson, left alone, succeeded in struggling back to Cape Denison. During the extreme, lonely journey, he was forced to eat all his dogs, to cut his sledges in half, and to endure serious frostbites.

The deaths of his two companions delayed his return to the base camp, as a result of which he and five others had to spend another year in Antarctica, waiting for the relief ship, "Aurora."

FROM the Union States comes a tele concerning a heroic gesture which took place 200 miles offshore right and left, and shorter: "All you dirty skunks get outta here." There was a general murmur and everyone had enough time to make little decision who got particularly on a stand at the bar. "Well," growled the bartender, wiping his glass. "Well," said the editor, "there certainly were a lot of them weren't there!"

At Heard Island now is the coldest time of the year. The snow will be hauled back to the roofs of the small cluster of huts that makes up the scientific station, 300 yards up the beach from Atlas Cove.

There is only four hours good daylight at the month Antarctic in 1956, when the last expedition was wintering on the island, we did not see the sun for five weeks.

In 1948, winter exploration of the interior of Heard Island was abandoned, due to the poor light, and treacherous conditions of the interior. At Macquarie Island, where another expedition party had been sent, they were not so certain and tragedy followed. Their engineer fell through the ice surface of an unknown lake, and was drowned.

In the summer of 1956-57, I was for a time attached to the staff of the Royal Research Ship, Discovery II. The vessel was doing whale investigation work for the Commonwealth Government in the region of the Australian Antarctic Territory.

We were about 200 miles south of Heard Island when we heard the radio news that disaster had befallen the joint British-Norwegian-Swedish expedition working in Queen Maud Land.

Three men were downed when a "reindeer," a moose-like, was lost in a narrow bog and driven over the side of the harness, into the sea.

In the Antarctic there is no continental wealth, only the whale remains round the edge of the ice pack. However, there is a world of scientific wealth.

At Heard Island, continuous weather records have been kept for four years. Investigations have been made into the activities of various rays, and the island had been plotted and mapped, both geographically and geologically.

To accomplish this, teams soon have shot themselves off from earth station for 10 months at a time. They have suffered from cold and furious cyclones that make this the windiest corner of the globe.

At Heard Island, the Australian Antarctic Expedition has built up a hard core of tested explorers, who will be used later for exploration of the Antarctic mainland.

The Australian Antarctic Territory is an area of land the size of Asia's Indochina. Except for Macquarie's vegetation, and the recent journey of a French party to Adelie Land, the vast interior of the country is unknown.

At Heard Island, the party will not be relieved for quite some time. The kind of the two men will be hard to hear. In an expedition camp you live so close to your companion that you know each other better than you know yourselves.

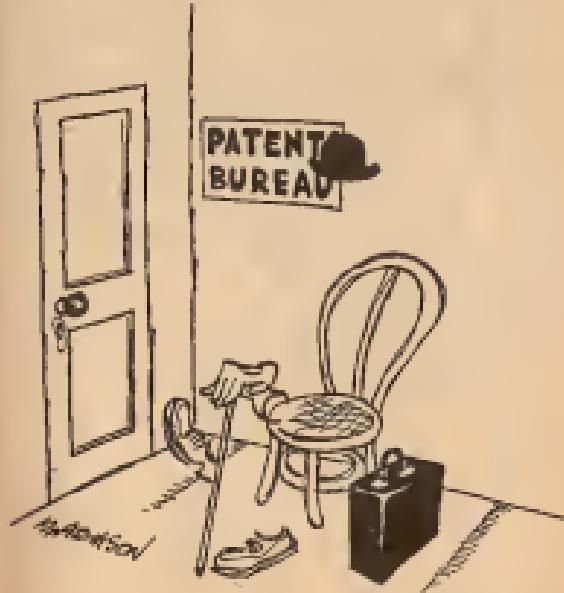
The sight of two empty banks in the sleeping bunks, the absence of familiar faces at the mess table, will

be memories that will haunt the others in the party for the rest of their stay on the island.

When these men return to their homes, they will have true experience they will remember for the rest of their lives. No finer tribute could be paid to those lost at Heard Island than the cairn, which was erected by the Douglas Mawson, over the graves of Rixson and Martin, at Cape Denison. "They died in the name of Science"—a simple statement, but it means a million words.

In the years to come, a weather station will be established at the South Pole itself. It will be manned throughout the bright winter, when the temperature on the polar plateau drops to 90 below zero.

While there is still a part of the world left to explore, there will always be men who want to go there. It is to such men as these that we owe much of our scientific progress and knowledge of today.



Revenge on a King



A nineteenth century engraving with a parchment border depicts a robbery to steal England's Crown Jewels.

SPENCER LIVINGSTON

COLONEL BLODGE'S engraving depicts the English Crown Jewels from the poor 1871, has a permanent place in English history books.

But little or nothing is heard, or even known, of a previous theft of the King of England's treasures on a grand scale. It took place in the year 1303.

The chief practitioner on this occasion was Richard Fulbeck, a clerk who became a merchant of the City of London.

Edward I, known as "Longshanks," was England's King at the time. This

thief was given in more names than one. Tall and handsome, he was second perhaps only to King Alfred the Great as a royal legislator and administrator during the seven centuries or so of English rule before God's Queen, Anne arrived.

But King Edward I had his faults—and big ones. He exacting a lot of tribute in Flanders, so heavy that that country began to resent visiting English merchants as surely for the King's debts. Richard Fulbeck was one of them.

In 1300, Fulbeck visited Ghent and Bruges, where he dealt in wool—then a profitable and very profitable English export. He was seized as a hostage.

He managed to escape eventually from the Flemish prison; but he was forced to leave all his wares behind him. That made him a man with a grudge—against his King.

Seeking vengeance, Richard Fulbeck disguised himself, took a boat to England, and found his way back to London, there to consider and decide what to do.

In those Piercedgeon days, there were plenty of robbers about, ever ready to cut a throat or loot a shop, in return for a consideration.

Richard Fulbeck began by breaking petitions round the City of London and near the Palace of Westminster. They were petitions to the King. In this way he avoided a lot of suspiciously disgruntled citizens, and made many contacts with promising robbers.

At this stage in our story, it should be explained that Richard Fulbeck later wrote down his own account of what happened on the evening of April 26, 1303. But that account is as obviously a shadowy sketch to put the spotlight upon himself that much of it must be discounted.

However, the plain fact that he certainly with accomplices excreted

what must be the greatest jewel robbery in history, cannot be denied.

King Edward's main storehouse of royal treasure was the crypt under the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey.

Richard Fulbeck knew this, and a nasty plan grew in the growing heat of his mind. He decided the stocks of royal treasure should be his life get me revenge on his king.

The only entrance to the crypt was from the Abbey itself, close to the treasury. According to Fulbeck's account, he burrowed through the walls of the Abbey.

Anyway, sometime the vengeful Richard got into the crypt—and got out again, apparently undetected, and with unbelievable treasures.

Richard Fulbeck stated that he remained in that crypt for some 24 hours, until the morning of April 26. He insisted that he did the robbery alone.

Writing about this extraordinary numbered jewel thief some years ago, the Australian-born historian, Mr. Philip Lindsay, said that Fulbeck's statement that it was a one-man job was palpably absurd, and that applies to his case.

All the local rogues, and certainly the Abbey people must have been in the know to say the very least.

Richard Fulbeck said that he took a splendid array of glittering jewels away with him, much of which he dropped on the way to his home. That, again, was obviously untrue. So much jewellery was removed from the Abbey that one can alone could not have carried it.

It appears that after the robbery, the thieves went berserk. They and each of the King's treasure all over the place.

A chamberlain working in the Treasury at Westminster in the moonlight

AND A ONE-PIECE FOR ME, PLEASE!

A wife, to urge a man to comfort,
(Wishing to be pitied of him!)
Thinks then he should drift to please her
Femininely fickle when
Urge he ignore the modems,
Glosses that he dooms with tears,
Shows her looks void of comfort,—
Likes him to look well annoyed—
Says a three-page suit's essential,
His dreams of comfort on the shelf,
He's then surprised to find the sorrows
In a two-grain suit hemmed!

hailed up a solid silver goblet. Plate and pearls were found by passers-by in St. Margaret's Churchyard, Westminster Abbey's close, which proved to be the King's property, appeared on the seals of manuscripts in London, and as far north as York.

A gay and beautiful lady named Beresford dashed a jeweled ring before admiring male friends, and said that it was a present from her trifled Adam, the abbot of Westminster Abbey.

The thieves threw other pearls into the laps of pretty ladies, and quantum satis as to the barrels of wine-shops.

The booty went everywhere, and seemingly almost everywhere, for there were huge masses of royal treasure.

King Edward was notified of his loss. He remained calm, and did not allow his better judgment to be damped by anger. That was the

way with Edward, called Longshanks. Always the legal lion, and a stickler for formality, His Majesty set up a special commission of inquiry.

The crypt was examined, witnesses were called, and a nationwide search for the property was made.

Some of the King's treasures were found beneath the beds of the Keeper of the Palace of Westminster and his servant. Other pearls were discovered in the rooms of Adam the abbot, the monks, and their servants.

And, of course, they made a goodly haul of the stolen property in the home of Richard Pudlicott himself, and from his widow, Jean Pud-

ly. By this time many abbeys had become alarmed at losing the unwilling receivers of stolen goods—and Royal treasures at that. They were afraid of the King's wrath, and of possible consequences. They hastened to return the jewels which

luck or fate had sent their way.
In fact, nearly all the King's treasure was ultimately recovered. Very little was lost.

Then came wholesale arrests, including the Keeper of the Palace of Westminster, the abbot and 48 monks of the Abbey, Adam the abbot, and the star performer, Richard Pudlicott.

Then King Edward set the full justice by hanging the Keeper of the Palace of Westminster and his cohorts.

Remarkable, like a bolt out of the blue, came Pudlicott's "confession." He took all the blame.

The affair droned on for about two years. Then the King grew impatient. He had Richard Pudlicott (on his own confession) and Adam the abbot hanged.

Shortly before the rope had sent Richard to eternity, King Edward made a firm and prompt decision. In future he would keep his regalia, Crown jewels, and other personal treasure in a safer place than the crypt of Westminster Abbey.

Accordingly, they were removed to the Tower of London, where the Royal regalia and Crown jewels still reside, except when needed for the

coronation of a royal ruler of England.

The Crown Jewels of King Edward IV day are not those which His Majesty Queen Elizabeth II possesses—except the scepter and orb—the scepter, used for coronation.

Most of the present regalia and Crown jewels are those made for King Charles II at his coronation. Sir Robert Vyner, the court jeweler, almost singlehanded reconstructed the old regalia, most of which Oliver Cromwell had disposed of after the beheading of King Charles I.

Colonel Steele's daring escapade soon followed; but the treasure wasn't lost on that occasion. That impudent robbery in May, 1711, has now eclipsed Richard Pudlicott's previous misfortune on the precious treasure of a great King of England. Pudlicott's last stand must have caused a colossal sensation at the time, but time does a lot of things . . .

At any rate the dark-moustachio who lost his wool in Fleetton provided a very good reason why the British Museum's regalia and jewels should be kept, and closely guarded by Yeomen of the Guard, in that grim fortress known as the Tower of London.



Night uninvited warriors descended on the beach of Wakiki and challenged six hundred invaders massed there.

LESTER WAY



Crimson undertow

THE beach of Wakiki has golden sand, water as blue as the tropic sky, foam that sparkles like hunting lightning of diamonds . . . You know the rest; you've read it all in travel advertisements.

It also has a history. It was famous in its own right long before a tourist enterprise grabbed it, fenced it in, and made it almost into a backyard for the luxury hotels.

There were people there long before the first missionaries came; people who now feature as picturesque props against a back-drop

of palms; people to whom Wakiki meant something very special.

And you know about those people, of course. The girls are beautiful, the men are large, they strain voices and sing and smile, while the women express honest respectability.

A sleepy, languorous place, a happy, kindly people, people who always had it easy, who never knew girls, who only laugh and sing and dance and make love. If you don't believe it, read the advertisements again. If you're a millionaire, book in at one of the hotels and see for yourself.

Wakiki is on the island of Oahu. There is Diamond Head at one end, a landmark standing up like a giant pyramidal. Behind the beach, beyond the perambles, are the hills they call the Punch Bowl mountains. They form a valley that used to be a dream of tropic delight, cool and shady, and very lovely. For centuries that valley was the favorite playground of Oahu's kings.

In the early spring of 1782, King Kahikina was relaxing in the valley, armed no doubt by golden-skinned beauties. Affairs of state were far from his thoughts, so the cruel king of Maui Island was able to lead a powerful fleet of warships without opposition.

The invaders landed on Wakiki, and they showed at total surprise. The Maui king had this his play over a number of years, had prepared for the invasion carefully, putting Kahikina off his guard. He selected every last woman by any Oahu chieftain, and occupied the entire length of Wakiki, right up to the foot of Diamond Head.

He deployed six hundred of his most trusted warriors and chiefs at the base of Diamond Head.

And there was a reason for that. There were very special reasons why Wakiki Beach had been chosen as the point of attack. The beach was secret. It was sacred because, at the foot of Diamond Head, stood the most important temple on all the islands.

The king who possessed it had Hawaii's most potent gods on his side and an army who disputed that king's authority knew he was fighting against his own divided gods. So the invader secured the sacred beach, and placed his elite troops to hold the temple.

Over the hills, in the luminous valley, Kahikina fled himself from the

soft embrace that held him, and cast swift banners to surround his chiefs and warriors. Very quickly, he had a band of fighting men around him, and the invaders had not yet attempted to leave the beach.

From the rim of the Punch Bowl, the Oahu men looked down on Wakiki. From there, with some rules separating them from the enemy, they were below, ready to surround.

Not only was their sacred beach occupied, not only was the chief temple of all Hawaii in the hands of the invaders, but the Maui king had landed an overpowering force.

Luring the gods out of it, the odds were three-to-one against Kahiki, and they wouldn't force the gods out of it. The odds, also, were against them. It was late afternoon. The shadows were lengthened, and they needed daylight to fight with spear, sword and club. They stood unwilling.

Only, there were eight who were not unwilling, eight warriors whose fame had spread throughout the entire group. Each had proven himself, true and strong, against impossible odds, and had won all victories, each had a reputation of invincibility.

They seemed to believe in themselves, for while the king capitulated his own armament men, others poised between them. They slipped away unseen, and out where they were not of housing.

Swiftly, they made their plans. They waited for darkness, and then moved through the ring of hills toward the temple. They crept close to the temple, and watched for dawn.

With daylight, they moved on the enemy. Some of the six hundred saw them approaching; but no alarm was raised, for it was only eight men, keeping close together, not sprawling on the beach, but advancing boldly—against an hundred.

They came as close that the in-

ALMOST everyone thought A'auhi Marukai Jafua had won the first battle of the Maus, but when the invaders began to write their books some of them had different ideas. A reporter went out to interview Jafua. "Tell me, Marukai, who did win the battle of the Maus?" he asked. "I can't answer that," said Jafua. "But I can tell you that if the battle of the Maus had been lost the blues would have been on me."

invaders reached out their hands to seize them. And, in that instant, the fight attacked.

Each was a supreme master of his weapons. They advanced in close wedge formation. Then, as they pressed into the enemy line, each warrior had to deal with only one assailant at a time, without fear of being struck in the back while he was threatening friendly at the rear. In front of him, and they advanced, not against a line driven up for battle, but against an unprepared group—a group thrown off balance by the sharp confusion of the assault.

Methodically, the little band cut its way into the mass of disorganized chieftains. Foot by foot, they marked their progress by the bodies of dying warriors.

The picked men of Maus began to fall back, begin to retreat as they saw use of their renowned champions fall with every blow. And the eight heroes still pressed forward, shouting no words, striking too swiftly, too faithfully, to take any injury themselves.

The force at the temple was only a small part of the invading army, however. Pausa began to shiver at this, a fever, and a cry went up for help, for reinforcements against eight men who were methodically killing them as calmly as if they were unarmored captives.

Reinforcements came, but the killing went on, and the eight were still unharmed, untrifled. More and more reinforcements arrived. When the eight were surrounded, they merely transformed the wedge into a tight circle, and went on killing, working all over Maus, buffing their enemies by their unceasing cold ferocity. The piled dead now provided a barricade protecting them, and hemming the Maus men who had to clamber over the writhing bodies of their slain comrades.

The entire Maus army was soon streaming up Waikiki Beach to join in the chaotic battle, and only then did the leader of the eight whisper to his men to withdraw. As he left the harness of dead and dying, the voice faltered itself.

They fought like raging bears now. The measured calm of their attack gave way to an enraged frenzy. Keone, in the long history of Polynesia, won had such ferocity and speedy slaughter been known. They literally carved their way through a wall of living flesh.

And escaped without one serious wound.

They escaped, but the Maus were then given chase. They overtook Pausa, who was as valiant as any, but was bewildegred and not a good runner. Languishing behind in the retreat, he was tripped, thrown down, disengaged and captured.

The peasant was standardized. The greatest chieftain among the invaders claimed Pausa as his prisoner. Lifting Pausa to his back, face upward

he led the remnants of the invading army toward the temple. Pausa's blood would stain on the altar, Pausa's life, offered to the gods, would bring new strength to the Maus army.

The seven fleeing heroes halted. They clanged back to deliver Pausa, but he was gone and shouting.

"You can't save me, but don't let them sacrifice me alive! Throw your spear! Aim at my stomach!"

Only one spear was drawn. Pupukea, leader of the band, could throw a spear that would split a stalk of grass at 30 yards, and this spear flew straight at Pausa's stomach.

Pausa watched it. In the instant when it should have passed over his stomach, Pausa reacted his body away from it. The spear buried itself in the back of Pausa's chapter. It passed the heart of the greatest chieftain of the invading force.

He shrieked once, and died.

Pausa kept clear. All eight escaped,

leaving a desecrated army behind them.

The names of these heroes are engraved in the memory of the Hawaiian people. When folk of the old times are young, songs of the ancient battle on Waikiki Beach are most often heard.

Now, a tired millionaire lounge on the golden sand. He only half listens, as a muscular, brown-skinned giant strums a ukulele, and sings, and sings "Hawaiian" songs composed in Tin Pan Alley. A "Hula-girl" in a grass skirt dances beside him, leaning on the Barbary Coast, and the Miami vice is his companion.

"Trouble with these island folks is they always had it too easy," he explains. "Lazy climate, plenty of food, no struggle. They never learned to fight the way we had to fight, and people that don't fight go soft."

The tall Hawaiian bows. He strums his ukulele, and he smiles.





What Makes Hair Gray?

The colour of your hair comes from a pigment called melanin, which is generated in the body and supplied to the hair roots. An active body produces less melanin. Thus the hair gradually loses its colour, becoming grey and finally white. In cases of premature graying, the body has apparently lost its ability to produce sufficient melanin, or, as result of an hereditary physical defect, an emotional disturbance, shock or weariness, or one of a number of prolonged illnesses. No cause has yet been found to stop up the body's supply of melanin. Consequently, you cannot prevent the onset of gray or white hair.

How Fast Does Fry Grow?

Contrary to general opinion, it does not take much a long time for newly-hatched buildings to get that way. Maryland biologists, Summer Series, recently devoted considerable time to research on the subject. One what purpose we assume, say—unless it was to end an argument or as a diversion from more important and practical problems? Anyway, last spring, Mr. Series started to measure the growth of a single sheet of my top size of aged Harver's historic walls. Taking meticulous measurements at 12-hour intervals, he established that that sheet (and thus, we assume, a majority of other sheets) grew at the rate of 200 inches each ten hours.

For the statistically minded, it has been worked out that, at that rate, it would take a sheet of my top size and 6 days to grow from the ground to the top of the McCormick Tower above New York's Empire State Building.

Will We See Rubber Roads?

Long considered red herring with the idea of non-cracking, non-hardening, non-shifting, non-sinking and non-died rubber roads as purely popularly expressed. Test strips of rubber pavement have been laid down in 18 American States in the past three years. In Washington, a special research laboratory has been set up by the National Rubber Bureau to conduct experiments with every type of rubber—natural, vulcanized and synthetic—in different terrains and in different climates.

How Did The Hole Get in The Doughnut?

A New England sea captain, one Houston Gregory, was responsible for this observation in 1861. The captain was a boy at the time. Watching his mother trying doughnuts, he noticed that the centers of what were then ordinary cake-like concoctions always seemed doughy. He suggested that she eliminate this part before cooking. The result was so good the family never went back to the old method and the idea was copied by neighbors and others until it spread over the whole country.



AQUATIC COMFORT

One of the easiest jobs we know is that of Bob Landry, together who spend their working hours reclining thus the cool green waters of health pools for the benefit of a

city with 400000 by the name of Bob Landry. No, they're not taking the shrinking qualities of one piece

minimally neither are they reclining into the adipocarcinoma

of the English school of humor by a study of British, which

is what is helping the attention of the drowsy the critic



You really want home when they're doing? All right we'll hold out no longer and whisper that they are demonstrating what may well be the World's Greatest Boat in San Francisco. If, by chance, you find mystery of the intricacies of the possible beyond you an enterprising California import has come up with the "Floating Chair". Even a playful mouse with thoughts of robbing your ticket can, as you see, be easily disconcerted by the happy crewmate.



No longer need you sit by the edge and scratch a sentence in, no longer need you take a belly-boats over the shallow end. For you, as this materialistic epoch shows a new era in swimming, comfort is at hand. (Unfortunately we cannot introduce you to any of our delectable beauties.) It's not surprising, of course, that our customers prefer to keep them for himself. Can you blame him with you prepared character upstairs that crop with such quality?

Should the unfit be STERILISED?



LEE QUADE

Is it possible to eradicate crime, poverty and mental defectiveness by medically prohibiting the weak and infirm from multiplying?

STERILISATION is a relatively simple operation which makes it responsible for a woman to conceive or for a man to父亲 a woman.

Its supporters claim it is essential for the improvement of the race and the breeding of better stock. In their view, mental defectives and other unfit people should not be allowed to breed and transmit disease.

While many physicians support voluntary sterilisation of the unfit,

they generally agree that the case might be worse than the disease. Who, they ask, can decide whether an inevitable disease of today will not be responding to a wonder-drug some tomorrow?

Take the case of the Oklahoma boy who was sterilised by an orthopaedic doctor as a "feeble-minded troublemaker." During World War II, he became a power-operated in an American tank regiment.

After the war he married, started his own business and was soon earning over \$1000 a year. His wife wanted children, and he finally had to tell her why they could not have any. As a result, she sued for and obtained a divorce.

This was possible because in a majority of the American states, and in a number of foreign countries, compulsory sterilisation is legal. More than 500,000 people in the United States have been so treated, but the laws that permitted it are not uniform and are sometimes more than vague in their definitions.

For example, West Virginia and Oklahoma provide that any persons are liable to sterilisation; Iowa and South Carolina only specify sufferers from venereal disease. California makes all epileptics liable, regardless of their mental condition or intelligence.

There are no such laws compelling anyone to be sterilised against his or her will in England or Australia. There is even some doubt whether a doctor can legally perform such an operation at a patient's request.

A nation-wide organisation works in England to pass an act giving every mother of six children who agreed to be sterilised after being informed of the crucial neglect of her 16-week-old baby.

Lord Horder, the physician to the King, stated there was no doubt such an operation was illegal. "In such cases there is no legal protection for the doctor," he said. "It has been known for a woman to change her mind afterwards, and the surgeon who performed the operation and got damages."

As a result, the official B.M.A. view tends to a "wait and see" that "it is unusual for a doctor to sterilise a patient, unless he is certain that without it the patient will come to

worse harm or has health well suffer." Nevertheless, a very strong case can be made out for the desirability of sterilisation in certain cases. Of course, adequate safeguards to prevent abuses or abuses would have to be devised.

The operation itself is horrid. With men it is performed in less than ten minutes. Known as a vasectomy, it involves the cutting and tying of both sperm ducts. Modern medical opinion is that laws of affecting a person's sex interest are unneeded.

Dr Clarence Gould of Boston recently reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* on a survey of vasectomies performed by 20 mostly recent men. Thirty-six of the men had no decrease in sexual desire or capability, nine of them had an increase. Forty-seven of the men had all of the usual and they were satisfied with the operation and would undergo it again if they had such a choice.

With women, sterilisation is more complicated and requires at least two weeks in hospital. It involves operating on the abdomen to gain access to the Fallopian tubes, which must be cut and tied. As with men, there are no physical, mental or sexual effects. There is definitely no protection except of the management as is generally believed. It has simply made impregnation impossible.

In cases of mental deficiency particularly, which is on the increase all over the world, some form of eugenical sterilisation seems to be both wise and humane.

As far back as 1934, an expert committee set up by the British Ministry of Health recommended that sterilisation should be legalised. So far no government in the British Commonwealth has seen fit to make such a move, but it is a question that will eventually have to be faced up to.

Crime Capsules

COURTHOUSE FRANKNESS

Samuel S. Liebowitz, a famous American lawyer once demonstrated the value of frankness—by appearing frankness—with a jury. Defending a man in a murder case, he put him in the box and bluntly asked: "What has been your verdict?" The prisoner replied: "Professional pickpocket." "If the jury should acquit you, what will be your compensation in future?" "Professional pickpocket" was the prompt answer. "My client was acquitted," Liebowitz later explained. "He should have been, as there was not enough evidence against him to convict. But if he had not given honest answers to my questions, the opposing counsel would have dragged it out of him an circumstantial. Then the jury would not have believed any of his testimony, and we might have lost the case."

HIGHWAY ROOM

Most prevalent crime in the United States these days is kidnaping, the holding-up and robbing of trains, banks with valuable merchandise. It has been called "the hottest touch in crime." Last year hijackers' thefts reached \$1 million dollars. This year it has now risen to a quarter of a million dollars a day. Prevalent lost of the robbery are clothes, liquor, tobacco, television sets and metals. Kidnapping is a highly skilled criminal

trade, calling for patient and expert planning. In the gang, the "operator" has the job of "scouting" the theft, that is selecting a certain truck and determining its route and cargo; the "trapper" takes care of the driver and his officials; the "spotter" follows the stolen truck in a car in which of approachers disguised as "drop men" provide storage or warehouse facilities for the goods until the "lifter" can dispose of them. Kidnapping really got its start back in the Prohibition era, when gangsters started commanding their chauffeur-contractors. The reason for its phenomenal increase of late years has been the growth of truck transport in the United States. Trucks now carry one-fifth of the total freight handled. With long distances to be travelled on lonely roads, the trucks are tempting prey to the劫犯.

Safeguards now being adopted by the transport firms to combat kidnapping include sealing of stored funds with the most reliable locks, marking of goods with reliable ink and radioactive dyes and screening of employees to prevent "informer" getting trade information. More effective, however, has been the installation of recently-patented burglar alarms or warning devices. If any part of the vehicle is tampered with, they set a siren wailing and still the motor.



Shadow

from

Abroad

"THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM," CLEVERED PAPUZA. SUDDENLY BRANDT SAW WHAT HE HAD TO DO—FOR ALL THESE FAMILIAR STRANGERS.

PAUL WARREN GRAHAM • FICTION

A TAWNY man crossed George Street at his post five. As he entered the mouth of Wyndham Station, another figure moved away from the latter box against which he had been leaning, and fell into step beside the first.

"Have you seen him yet, boss?" asked the bigger man.

A few paces ahead of them, reddish hair tickled above the shoulders of a very lame drab. Even from the back, Brandt recognised the girl. He had never spoken to her and had no particular desire to do so, she was just another of them—the strange whose faces had become familiar.

He answered the question shortly. "No—but he arrived all right."

They came abreast of the bookshop and stopped. No one ever to buy two evening papers. Yet some months he had done this before he and Papuza, basking on, with all the others, to the glow under the roofs of sheds and shanties.

But on this day they walked there; they had an appointment.

His hands on competing one of the papers, they started unobtrusively. "I wish we were home, home! Home was the one who was deported—no one else."

"I thought you liked it here."

No shuffled unobtrusively, then pointed. "That's just it; and somehow I don't like mounting the place up." He picked his head at the people

IN THE GRIP—NOT OF THE GRAPE

Once I knew a man who sold
That in his workshop he had
A vice;
He made his claim quite
proudly, but
I didn't think it very wise,
He strove to justify himself,
To have my concurrence at
any price.
Back to his workshop I went—
and found
That he really had a very nice
vise.

surging so hardly. "There won't even
know what's hit them."

Brent was silent for a time, his
eyes wondering.

Around them, the faces reflected
some truth; as many dull, some attrac-
tive, as many not. Suddenly he
knew why he had fled Sydney.

He and Elsie had been part of the
good here—not aspirants and praying
men.

As quickly, his mood changed, and
he was considering other days. The
bad days before Luis Perini. It was
Luis Perini for whom he was wait-
ing now, and no whose associations
he had erased. The Perini, Luis had
found a wild boy who belied every-
one and was hated by everyone. And
he had shaped the boy and polished
him until he became a very special
kind of man—Luis' man.

"Here he comes," said Elsie.

"Oh, hellish world have a ticket.
Elle over and get me, will you?"

The passengers were dark blue, per-
fected tailored in an English way. He
was of about Brent's height, with
plump lips smiling an otherwise

good body. Dark hair wavy & lustrous
above a pale and narrow face.

"Hello, David!" he cried heartily,
thrusting a soft hand forward.

"Good to see you, Luis. We'll just
make a train."

When Elsie passed them they went
along to the barrier, chatting pleasant-
ly.

On the platform, Brent saw a
shy, red-haired head was plucked
proudly. It was the same girl whom
he had seen earlier, going down from
the station ahead of him.

For a long time now, the bad regu-
larity harbored the same sense of fa-
miliarity, usually by the same door.
Often he had tried himself crushed
against her in the press of people;
she was, perhaps, the most familiar
of the nervous strangers.

And as three passengers stepped from
the platform on to the train in a
certain west U.S. city, the author re-
alized the two twenty men would have
been recognized. Not just her.

Elsie unfolded her newspaper and
started to read. Luis Perini lit a
cigarette and glanced at her watch.
Brent stared at the girl who stood
before him, watching one of the tobacco
gillies for support.

Luis responded in his car, "They
won't know what's hit them."

Brent smiled at the coincidence.
They were the same words that Elsie
had said but a few minutes earlier.

At Penn Station, most of the strangers
swelled in, shoving and laughing.
Somehow, Brent was shoved away
from his companion and nearer to
the girl. He shifted his head until
it touched hers on the pillar, as they
had touched on other occasions. Only
it was different now. Without speak-
ing, each had admitted his awareness
of the others presence.

He chose to the girl, Brent looked
more carefully than he had ever done
at the faces of the other travellers

Because his most familiar stranger
had accepted him. It seemed that they
had all done so. They all seemed
more shy and good natured. He
knew that it was happening only in
his imagination, yet the idea clung.
The real hand, at least, was real.

Then he looked around and saw
that Elsie and Luis were both watching
him. The latter heartened. Brent
swung over to his shoulder,
reviewing that Luis reacted better
than all others.

"What's the railroad?"

"I wouldn't know," whispered
Brent.

"Seems like there's something be-
tween you," muttered his chief. "I
hope you haven't been—"

Brent cut him short, "I told you
no."

As the train pulled out of the great
station, Luis stopped at Brent's elbow,
drove him to the outer door.
Quite a number of passengers had
left the train, and those who re-
mained were mostly looking towards
the same side, where a dozen train
was drawing past.

"Sorry, David, don't get nose about
it."

"Why should I?" Brent was an-
noyed, though.

"After we're married, you can
have all the women you want."

Brent said slowly, "Maybe you'll
find things different here." Some-
thing made him turn and look at the
stranger. The girl and the others
were all watching the same train,
when passed on them, then fell back,
then overlapped again.

He thought of that other city in
another continent, where—but their
was hurried a train, by any unlikely
chance—they would not have had to
stand. Luis Perini situated there,
buying, frightening on, when necessary,
destroying.

He heard the whisper, "It won't be

different long. Luis Perini is setting
up house."

And suddenly, startlingly, he heard
the voice. For a strange instant, he
was not with the strangers. David
Brent was a very special kind of
man. Perini caught only a glimpse
of the hands before the pain cracked
against his finger.

As he opened his mouth to cry his
name, the steel went harder—just
above the Adam's apple, silencing
him. Already Perini's body was
against his, pushing only a little.

One severe moment, but it was
enough.

Soon after, the red-haired girl
looked around, listening. "What was
that?"

"What?" asked someone near her.
"That funny noise." She had a
high, pleasant voice. Brent thought
it very unpleasant—not one he would
like to listen to often.

She was staring at his friend, her
bright eyes passing "Where?" In
silence again, then cleared his throat.

David Brent felt cold. The mood
of sympathy towards these strangers
had passed, but he felt no regret for
his action. To the anyone was to be
weak, and he would never admit
that his reason had been other than
a maternal one.

Therefore, when the two remaining
strangers walked off along a plat-
form, Elsie remarked, "It was about
time you woke up. The boys have
been tired of Perini for a long time;
everything's yours now."

"We'll be home in a week," said
Brent.

"The name of the guy—thinking
he could buy us in this dump."

The familiar strangers crowded
train and trains and buses, hopped
about suburban streets. A shadow
had creased across an ocean, but they
had not felt its touch.

And it was their victory.

CAVALCADE November, 1952 59

GREGORY BARKLEY • FICTION

Night of

the Chinese Lantern



Michel

If you don't believe me right now, don't work on it, because you never will later. If you do, see your party. I don't need a new surprise. I've learned to live with the memory, but I'd like to ease the pressure of it a little. That's why I'm writing about it.

I suppose you've guessed that I'm going to talk about a girl, and you're

right—only this one's different. Different like every once in a long time, but not so different.

It started at an open-air party—Chinese lanterns, soft music, laughter bubbling in and out of gay champagne and heady cocktails. I was right out of my class, only a friend of the friend, whose received the delectably performed invitation.



THE PARTY WAS OVER, LAST NIGHT'S GAIETY WAS AS DEAD AS THE LOVELY UNCLAD CORPSE ACROSS THE RED UPSTAIRS

And until I saw her that's how I felt. Afterwards I didn't feel anything that I can write about. I kept watching her, waiting to catch her between conversations or dances, but she was a very popular hostess and I didn't seem to have a chance.

Then our eyes strangely met, her's peering over the shoulder of the man she danced with. Neither of us looked

away, but after a few moments her partner turned her around. After the dance she came across to me. I'll never know why.

"What's your name?" she asked.
"Barry Damon. What's yours?"

She said it was Margaret. I told her she looked much prettier than her name sounded. She laughed beautifully and we started to dance.

BALANCE OF TRADE A small newspaper on a city street had a dateline reading: "He stood with a shamed around his neck announcing that he was for sale." A name-by-pagename list who has been "Twenty thousand pounds," was the non-chalent reply. "Don't be silly," said the man. "There isn't a dog in the world worth that." The boy looked at him. "The dog is," he insisted, "and that's what I'm going to get for him." Realizing the man passed the newspaper he realized that the dog was missing. "I see you disposed of your dog," he remarked. "Did you get your price?" "Yep," said the boy. "Twenty thousand?" "Yep, took in a couple of \$30,000 coins for him."

sleeping mostly on raised eyebrows.

We were together for the rest of the evening, but I don't remember what we said or anything else except for one moment. It was during one of the last dances. Margaret raised her head from my shoulder and I looked at her.

Half the time had gone from her eyes but I guessed that a million still were there. They were dimmed, though, and I wanted to know why.

"What's wrong?" I asked her.

"Some people are awfully dirty," she said and covered the remark with a smile as though half-alive.

I kissed her and you might think that proved her point, but it wasn't that sort of kiss.

"You're a very wonderful fellow," she said after a moment. "We should have met before. Say when I see you. We might have gone well together."

The way she looked at me took all the brightness out of her countenance and looked at with regret — regret for whole years of her life. She smiled hesitantly, though, as if what she'd said were a joke, and I replied too, with some understanding.

The moment I left her I knew what had happened to me—the thing you don't believe exists until it starts

knocking you around inside. But the next morning I wasn't sure. The harsh sun was like a laughing嘲笑, so I went to see her, to feel out if it was the same as the day as it had been in the night.

It was early morning when I arrived and walked through the porch.

I knocked on the open front door and because there was no answer I entered and called her name. The silence exploded that nobody heard me, I began wandering through the house, getting to know her from what she lived with and traveled and behaved against, until finally I found her in her bedroom.

She was lying on the bed, her cream flesh not really concealed behind the delicate lace of her black night-gown, one hand clutching wrinkles into her hair the colour of new-mown hay glowing in the sun. She was really beautiful—the most woman never seen, but she was dead. Breathless, the pulse dead.

I must have stood there quite a while, wondering about last night, I guess, and the emptiness of existence. When the maid came back with the coffee I was still there. It was she had left the front door open

in her place that was now hysterical. I don't remember a lot about the week that followed, except that I went to the funeral. There were a lot of people there and I was still out of my shell. Margaret's name ended very prettily as she splashed the crowd of dots on the polished wood of the coffin. A few of the other people there cried too and then left, but I stayed to watch and saw the grief-stricken paperboys shoveling the wet earth down at her and then just to watch where she was buried.

When I left the cemetery I began drinking and walking and drinking again until finally I was drunk and out in it I came to sit Margaret's mother's phone.

A little from the bottom I had only seen her at the party and I had never spoken to her. I was surprised then, but now I think she must have followed me around and taken over when I was too far gone to know or do anything about it.

I woke up lying on a couch I could feel the rough of my skin pressed where someone had rubbed my collar and I felt sick and dirty. I coughed and Margaret's water came through from the kitchen.

"I'll get you some coffee," she said and walked out.

I went across to the window. It was still raining and a few people hurried through it, past somewhere, meeting some other people, being able to talk to them. I envied them.

"The name's Moira," she said.

I turned and she was smiling again with her mouth. Through the wugs of coffee steam that rose from the tray she held, her face looked very strange and I suddenly wanted to get away from her.

"You loved her, didn't you?" she remarked casually as she poured the coffee.

"I don't know," I told her and

said, "Who did you bring me here?"

"You were drunk," she said and handed me the coffee.

I said, "I think I'd better go."

"Why?" She didn't even look up as she asked. That was how much she'd expected me to stay.

"Because I'm sick."

We both knew that wasn't the reason, just as we both knew I'd be back to hear what she had to say. This was only delaying it. I didn't say good-bye. I simply picked my coat off a chair and walked out.

That should have ended it and I should have been up where I left off on account of Margaret. I didn't, though. Instead I began systematically to drive myself and wandering who and where. And all the time I knew who held the answers and I kept away from her just because of that.

Until one night I dreamed. When I woke from it, my pajamas were clinging wetly to every part of my body. I made up my mind then to get out before I went crazy. Somewhere I'd find a place, the other side of the world if necessary, a sleeping place where it was hot during the days with cool nights and free people and plenty of fish.

It only took a cold shower and a need to walk me up to myself. I wouldn't go anywhere for a while.

All that day I stopped myself checking the telephone directory, but when the dark came I knew I was going to give in. I never can hold out long when I want something badly, even though I know that if I get it I'm going to feel like hell.

Moira started to laugh as soon as she found out who I was.

"So you finally went to see me," she stated. "They all did sooner or later, all wanted to know something about her—strange creature. Also used." She giggled. "And each one

wanted to be the last and thought he would be. But you're the last, darling, the very, very last, unless of course the drink!"

I hung up on her bawling laughter.

Outside it was cold and I began walking. Without design, I told myself, but after two hours I was running. Moore's doorkill.

She opened the door and leaned against the porch. She was smiling, and I thought how pleasant it would be to feel my hand against her blonde hair, kissing her face into the well I slipped past her and went through to the lighted lounge at the end of the dark hall. I heard her laugh as she followed me.

In the light her stepless beauty glowed, stamped off every curve of her body. She was beautiful, but she seemed to shiver through her beauty that she was going to create and grow old very quickly.

"I am going out," she explained from the packed cabinet, "but when

you come I decided to wait for you. I know you'd come."

Still smiling she handed me a whisky. I put it down and went across to the window. I was waiting for her to start and after a minute she did. She surprised what she'd said over the phone, quietly taking up the dark helplessness of a lonely woman. Her voice, thick with alcohol, was drowned by hoots.

I heard her make two trips to the central cabinet at the spoke. Then, unaccountably, I stopped listening. I probably started dreaming about Moore—how she was to me and what we would have done had there been time.

It was quite a while before I realized that Moore had stopped speaking. I turned. She was sitting down staring at me and she looked as though she hadn't had a drink.

"You haven't been listening, have you?" she said, her voice almost normal. She laughed oddly.

"Who did it?" I asked her quickly. "You," she said.

"Me?" I confirmed what she said quietly, because for an instant I believed her.

"You." Her voice suddenly soft-spoken with weariness. "She had designs with you. You're her murderer as surely as I could slay her through the heart. The one the police are looking for is only—"

"Who is he?" I sat in, hardly believing that she knew, and wondering what I'd do if I found out, and why she was silently crying there in the big chair . . .

"He was her lover," she said firmly. "When he went to her that last night, he couldn't understand that she could say no and that it was all over—surely because you'd come along."

"Who was he?"

Again she refused to answer. "The man who picked up the pillow and laid it—"

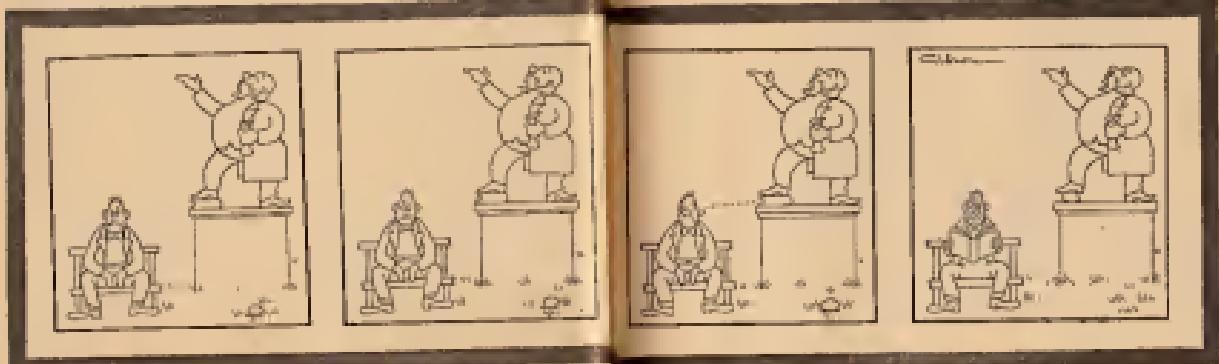
Grabbing her wrist, I pulled her up against me and asked the question again, this time eyes, squeezing with tears and wrists.

She laughed contemptuously and walked away.

"What would you do if you knew?" she asked, and when I didn't answer, she said, "You haven't the guts to do what you're thinking."

Her words and the way she looked caught me. I felt my face change and she caught her breath. She went out of the room and when she returned she had on a fur cap and carried a handbag. I realized that she was taking me to the man whom name she wouldn't say, but I still didn't know what I was going to do.

We must have driven for hours. I don't know. Time died for me. I went to see Margaret after the meeting after the party, and she was waiting for me. Night fell as I approached her, and the garden lit up suddenly with the Chinese lanterns. I under-



YOU AUGMENTED FIGURE
THIS FOR YOURSELF

Somebody's wife?
Somebody's daughter?
She learned the lesson
When I caught her!
She so much liked
The things I bought her.
She took, rather more
Than a good girl ought!

stood it to be Margaret's last birthday party. We were dancing . . .

"This is it."

It was a house, huge and alone. At the door, Moira started a key. Her breath had snarled.

"Five things do you fear right up the stairs?" she said. "Don't be afraid. He'll be alone."

She swung the door away from us, and I noticed I had made no difference, and I was incapable of formulating one.

As I crossed the wide staircase and approached the door, I thought idly about justice and the police and the like.

Foolishly I had my hand on the door. Opening it, I switched on the light. Instantly a man jumped up in the bed, his eyes snapping with fear. A noise left his mouth, and I knew he was trying to ask me who I was.

I walked closer to the bed, so that I could see him better. I pictured him placing the pillow over her head,

and probably lying along her body to keep her still, and pressing very hard where her hand was in her hair to keep it there . . .

The look in his eyes suddenly changed. He knew exactly what he was afraid of now, and he yelled.

"Don't Please!"

Then the shot came, shattering the floor and the night. Even without turning, I knew Miles stood behind me.

"I never intended that you should kill her," he said evenly. "I just brought you for company, and so that I wouldn't run away afterwards, even if I wanted I wouldn't need to be chased."

I turned. The gun hung from her hand, as though it were heavy as the world.

"He was my husband," she said. "He came to me as soon as he'd done it. It was the first time in its months that Tj saw him. But I always knew he'd come back. I didn't think, though . . ." her voice trailed off and the last words I heard were: "He died."

Suddenly her body tensed.

"Did you hear what I said?" she barked wildly. "He came back to me!"

Then she went limp as though everything much her had escaped, and she began to shake. She opened her mouth. I couldn't hear anything, yet I knew she was screaming.

+ + +

And that's all. That's as far as I take you, except to say that I've found that place where it's hot during the day and cool at night, and where there are few people and plenty of fish. The rest is a memory. Occasionally, though, a dream comes sleep strong with Chinese lanterns and reliving a lot of dead scenes. It happened last night, and this morning I find I've written this



"You made a lot of friends since I married her."

"Stick to the LAST"

PUMP SEWN BY
GIBSON

With the price of boot
riparied or it is there comes a
time in every man's life
when he deems it do his
own repairing . . .

Oops! . . . That's torn at . . .
Oh, well . . . I guess I can put
the heel back with the rest of
the soles . . .

A good trick is to take the
leather on in the square . . .

And carefully trim the edges afterward.

This is usually where the
boot and sole comes in . . .

Well, there she is! . . .
Not exactly near, natty
or gossy, but isn't it a
show that the minkies
taised its companion out
with the rubbish last
week!



STRANGER And Stranger



PLUVIAL . . .

Professional rainmakers may soon reach the spots where they will be contrasting to send down the proverbial downpour of cats and dogs. Kenzaburo Asada, who also serves as a doctor of science at Osaka University, was recently engaged by the Kansai Power Company to fill the reservoirs at Fukui, a town 130 miles west of Tokyo in the province of Yamanashi. Dr. Asada plans to use the usual dry ice or silver iodide; but to prove the rain is really his and not some competitor's, he has postulated he will send it down colored green.

MECHANICAL PROPHET . . .

Latest and reportedly the brainiest of the robot calculating machines became developed around the world in the baby of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which its proud parents have named Whirlwind One. It can take information from the memory, use it to solve a problem and then file the answer away again for future use. This little dove Whirlwind One can do 10,000 times a second. Used in an air traffic control center, its sponsors claim, it could "receive information by radio or radio from hundreds of aircraft approaching or leaving at jet speeds, analyze the data simultaneously and sort out a pattern flight for all the various planes."

ON ALL FOURS . . .

According to Dr. Frederick Landrum, of the University of Illinois, when men stand up and become a two-legged animal (an untrained million years ago), he doomed himself to a variety of diseases and ailments. Varicose veins, for example, result from inability of the valves and walls of the leg veins to stand the pressure on the vertical blood column. Similarly with our intestines, which because of man's upright posture get little support. The result is often hernia. Difficult childbirth may be caused by deformation of the female pelvis resulting from the overburden of body weight as it when standing on two legs. In London with trains about, trouble to the nose comes Gravity causes carry out proper drainage of the sinuses when you are standing upright.

TRADE . . .

About at least three-quarters of the people of the world, pearls bought and sold seldom have a fixed value. The price paid is determined only after negotiations between the buyer and the seller. When the parties wish to keep the price a secret, the negotiations are carried on in a cipher code under cover, which it takes years to master. Prices for rugs in Persia and robes in Burma are settled by two men spreading each other's hands beneath a table or a piece of cloth.



Bob Schatz



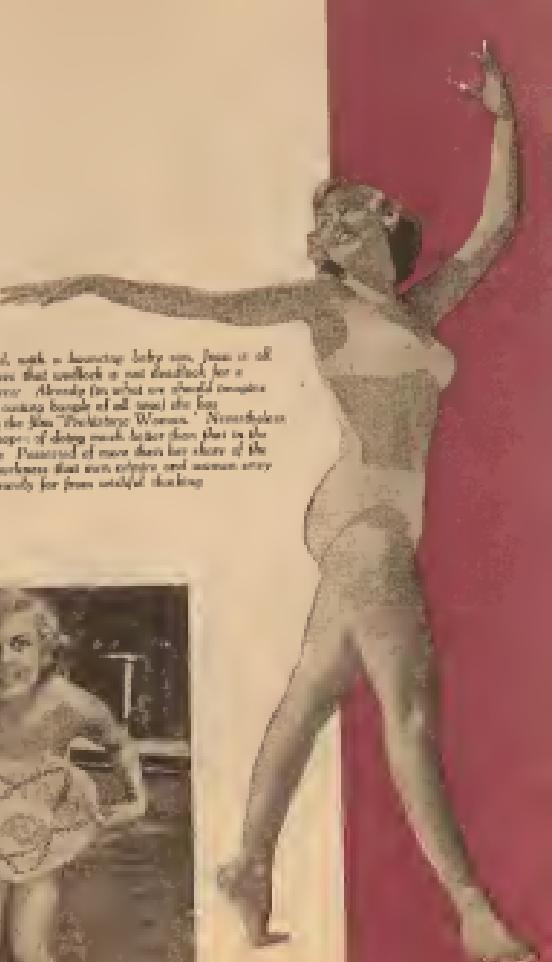
"I didn't say you're not as pretty as you were ten years ago . . . I just said it takes you longer!"



An argument for a **MODEST BIKINI**

That's a title that might well be given to one blonde from Shoulder whence you might expect such from Hollywood. We haven't seen June or a more flamboyant bikini, but, really fellow, she could hardly look better than she looks in this one but modest ones, could she? It may be her make that's causing our indifference. Were off old fashioned enough to believe that there isn't a season in the world where isn't practice when she makes

sheered, with a bawling baby son, from it all set to prove that we look as bad dressed for a picnic cover. Already for what we should imagine the dozen comes bought off and still has her appearance in the film "Picnic at Wagner". Nevertheless she has hopes of doing much better than that in the near future. Possessed of more than her share of the dubious bonhomie that even cologne and perfume every day is rarely free from without tickling.





After a busy evening in her polished English roses completely covered with a shimmering pink and tan or had for a bedding sheet, and now, here, a need to lie down for a much needed rest. Why should she need a rest? Well, as an adult actress when she isn't working, over-exercising from her home equipped with a full programme of bullet-vacuum, ultraviolet sunburn, Greek dancing, dancing and running and dancing practice. Is it any wonder she hasn't yet had time to have time the past and not those additional hours?

pointers to

BETTER HEALTH

ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK . . .

A new explanation why people become alcoholics has been advanced by Professor Roger Williams of the University of Texas. He believes they are born with dietary needs that are hard to satisfy. "As soon as they begin to violate the rules of good nutrition by drinking quantities of alcoholic liquids," he says, "these deficiencies stimulate craving for alcohol and a vicious cycle is started. People who get everything they wish nutritionally never become alcoholics." By experiment, the professor has proved that rats raised on a completely nutritious diet will not touch alcohol, those getting a deficient diet, however, cannot resist it.

TRANSPLANTING ORGANS . . .

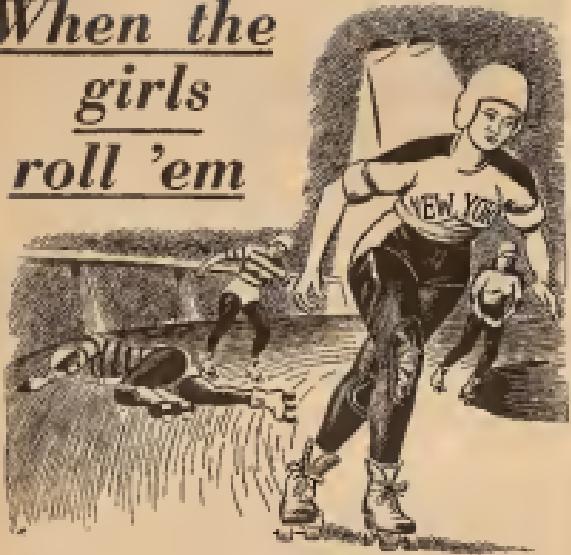
That the day may not be so far off when diseased and worn out hearts and other organs will be replaced is seen in experiments recently being carried out at the Chicago Medical School. Surgeons there have succeeded in cutting a dog's heart into the neck of another dog and there it may be seen beating for as long as 48 hours—for longer than was previously thought possible. The dog is unharmed and lives on after the heart dies, on his own normal heart. The problem in transplanting organs has long been "tissue compatibility." Clinically, Surge-

taken from one of a species will not survive when transplanted to another. In humans, the only success so far in this regard has been with corneal grafts from the eye and blood vessel grafts. The dog experiments, however, are sufficiently encouraging for the work to continue.

FICHT FEST . . .

Three out of every four persons, it is estimated, at one period of their lives are infected with the skin disease known as athlete's foot. Despite its name, however, you do not have to be an athlete to be plagued by its effects—running blisters, and scaling cracks between the toes—which are easy to get, hard to cure and can be as crippling as a broken leg. Many remedies, including tomato juice, white oil, triple dye and salts from various kinds of metals, have been suggested in recent years, but to date the parasitic fungi that cause the condition are still unknown. The best way to keep them at bay is to keep your feet clean and dry, change your socks frequently, use your shoes, wear light and well-ventilated shoes (barefooted children seldom contract athlete's foot) and dust talcum powder between the toes.

When the girls roll 'em



SYDNEY GEDGE SMITH

America's screaming, thrilling Roller Derby has boomed with television to draw the girls and their fights to the home.

SPORT is where you find it. We agree that the statement is not loaded with epigrammatic brilliance, but at least it conveys a substantial load of solid truth.

The pell-mell, slip-sliding Swiss board is a type of performance now which will light at the stop of a trial of anyone chosen. Large bags of Swiss currency are wagged each year on the outcome of non-controversial contests.

When you first watched a game of Gridiron football, surely you must have felt an occasional wave of sheer amazement in the might of your shoulders.

In that vast secret area behind the Iron Curtain, it is said that alternate foot-slapping is an item mentioned in the Russian encyclopedias of sports records. A couple of comrades registered at Weyl and Nichols recently stated an unmistakable shap-

ping break of 26 hours straight—the recent champion of the USSR.

Over in Wales, the big, tough men of the mines have a sport that easily matches that of the Comrades for pure rappetyhood. They call it gurning. Two contestants stand face to face, each with hands on the other's shoulder. An official calls "Go" and down on the Welsh vocabulary—and each starts kicking away at the other's shins. First man to lose his shoulder grip and kick away for safety is declared defeated.

That is quite a line-up of strange but true recreation, you will agree. To think, it would surely be the best incentive in any single nation. Strange as it may seem, it has been developed by the United States.

America's contribution to the pool of popular play can equal any or all of its colleagues. In fact, it measures to combine most of the romances of all of them.

There are only a few isolated districts in the U.S.A. where the Roller Derby is still unknown.

Roller Derby has set odd women on wheels. They have also set a partner Mr. Belter on easy street. Mr. Belter introduced the partner and presented it to a standard where a dollar sign would be an apt enough for the sport. He was assisted by success in the form of television.

There was a period when, way back in the middle 1930's, Belter's roller skating show riveted their staff before audiences of two and three hundred, and everyone was neatly happy—including the proprietor of the show.

Along came valve, and sport-minded bourse holders were satisfied to see the TV screens filled with belly, roundhouse, and head-butting.

Then suddenly Mr. and Mrs. America tired of the noisy effects of the writhing ruckusists.

There was a pleasant unquelled national cry for something less frantic and more lively. In answer to demand, Leo Belter, now rated #1, was willing to oblige, thrust forward his roller skating team. His roller derbies were a hit on the TV screen. They were at least three parts of a riot in the flesh, too.

Now a couple of million screen addicts press closer to the video set when the belles on the half-bearings whizz Zimmerman their bottoms. Let's take a look at one of their shows.

The scene is, maybe, Madison Square Garden. Fifty screaming roller girls are streaming forward in their skirts, yelling themselves hoarse.

Down there on the curve of the stadium, there is a circular, steeply angled track. It is like a cycling track, but much smaller. Sound and round the track there are girls roller skating at some 20 miles an hour.

They pass each other, yelling and pushing as they bump. Suddenly a pair comes to grief. Ouchingly, they crash to the board. The board is really on. They bark, scratch, bite and gnaw as they roll to the outer edge of the track.

Police and officials come running and pull the freshmen without special. They will stand and sit as they are finally separated. The fees in their raised seats are now finite for the night of blood.

The rest of the stadium has gathered their grinding rash around the board track. Lap after lap they spin. Then there is the sharp, sudden clash of wood as metal as shorts enough.

A high-pitched scream cuts across the babel of the spectators. A full-bodied blonde bursts to ease herself as she dives from-foreword down the track. Half a dozen of the fellas bump her body as she lies still. Two ambulance attendants run but quickly

and with expert efficiency from the track.

The crowd is now breathless, and shouting: "Can you see her?" "Is she breaking?" "She hasn't scored!"

Of course the Roller Derby is a crazy idea, but it is a craze that pays a big dividend. There is a serious association—or league—as the Teams term it—and there are five stations in each town. Teams compete for the championship three times each week.

There are over competitors in the Roller Derby too, but when men bump each other into an expensive, the result is merely the throwing of a few punches. With her long hair and talon finger nails, the female of the species produces a much better show.

When the Roller Derby set is not playing in a big city stadium, it is in action in the big towns of the television back-up. The mobile squad total is about 20. The contests just about evenly divided.

Training equipment includes a portable menswear racing track which supplies 10 laps and an average of six spills to the mile. There are also showers, medical room and other comforts.

Penalty boxes are included in the plan. A miscreant skater is sent to the penalty box for punishment. Sentiment to the wooden pygmy is apparently the maximum penalty imposed for breaking promises, rules or laws.

A squad is divided evenly into boys and girls. Boys compete with boys for 15 minutes, and then the girls take over, to the delight of the male beholders. They alternate throughout the evening.

The actual racing is like a miniature auto-race race. The fastest rollers in each team score for points. A point is gained for passing an opponent within two minutes. Two

points are available for passing three skaters, and five points are waiting for the Derbygirl who can come home from the race and hold a full team of five goals.

The business of agreeing past the opposition is no pushover—even for the fastest roller skater in the world. Teams of skaters have gotten to deter ambitious opponents. Their deterrent methods are apt to give unfeeling skates to gridiron football coaches.

At the end of a match the paying public wants its money returned, still seeking with mounting impatience set scores from their ring-necked contestants, red waving and jangling teams of skaters split their share of the gate—\$2.40.

Proprietor and promoter Seltzer is fond in his declaration that his girls are prettier than the boys. He has honest regards to prove it.

Most ferocious wild women on wheels in the circuit is a dramatic, four-foot-in-six, explosive dynamo, Miss Marjorie Clair Beulah. Only two years ago, Miss Beulah had to be removed forcibly from the track so that the audience could release her of a six-inch splinter embedded in her back. She had carried it for several minutes. In the racing of the rollers, Miss Beulah is known as "Touchie."

Miss Virginia Beulah told the story that the leg had been quite comfortable on the track for the past five weeks. An X-ray revealed that Miss Beulah's discomfort was due to a fractured pelvic bone—the result of a mouthfuling roller pass from Missy.

Jean Yvonne, of New York team, did a grand job of publicity for the store when New York met Miami 12 months ago. At the time, Jean was having a tank conflict with a rival. Her opponent caught her unguarded smacking her against the rail pre-

venting the skaters from a ten foot drop to ground level. Her hand cracked on an upright. The ugly wound needed 50 stitches.

Personal touch keep the paying public content at fewer least. Most famous is that between Little "Touchie" Beulah, skipper of the Brooklyn team, and Garry Murray, five-foot-one-inch leader of the New York group. For almost ten years they have been sparring and scoring each other.

When Miss Seltzer decided to include stock behavior into the scheme

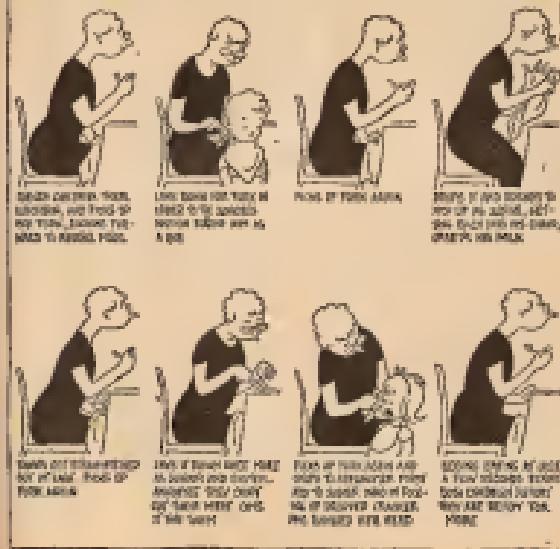
of roller skating things, Touchie screamed herself hysterical. "She's a hoot, Mr. Seltzer," she wailed. "I have my eye on a handle that I want to rip open from here to Texas."

"We do," responded the uncooperative Mr. Seltzer. "Players wanting concessions will have to obtain same in their own time."

How are the female wen, into the rough roller game? Men enforcement is good, solid stuff — and there is plenty of it. A good downtown son collects more than ten thousand dollars in a year.

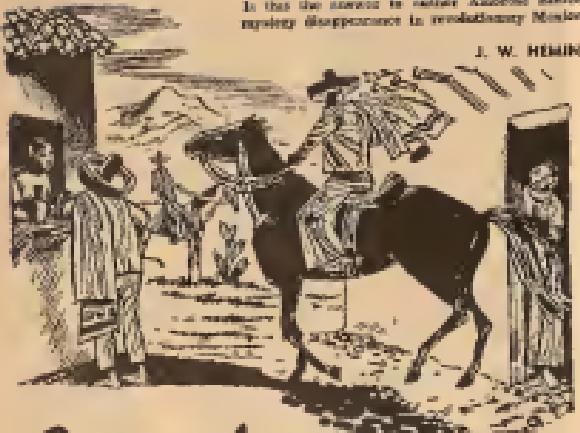
BESTIAL MEAL

By GLYNN WILLIAMS



Is this the answer to author Anderson Barron's mystery disappearance in Revolutionary Mexico?

J. W. HEMING



Fate of a Fiction Master

A MEXICAN MURDER'S main line of business was death—in the streets. His biography tube has an American patina, but he was far more famous for his fictional stories about killings.

Barron had also some experience with horrific news-songs in the actual. The son of a farmer of Ohio at the age of 20 he entered the Union army as a volunteer, served throughout the Civil War, was twice severely wounded.

After the war he went to San

Francisco and took on journalism. In 1882 he went to London, and used his graphic humor in "Trix," and three other volumes, which made him famous as "Hector Barron"—his name becoming pronounced "Barron."

He migrated back to San Francisco in 1888 and then began to write short stories, but no one would publish them.

After about ten years of toiling, he decided to publish himself, and in 1901 brought out a book of short stories, called "In the Month of Laff."

which was an immediate best-seller. Many other books followed, but none was as successful as that first one.

By 1912, after writing about the horrors of death for many years, and seeing little of those horrors, Barron decided it was time to get away again. He was then a young man of 61.

The nearest place to see death in the wholesale way was Mexico, where a bandit named Pancho Villa was making dozens his job work.

Barron visited his daughter in 1912 and told her he was going to Mexico. "I'll buy a donkey and have a pony. I can see what's doing, perhaps write a few articles about the situation."

He wrote to a friend, Mrs. J. C. McCracken, on September 18, 1912: "I expect to go to South America, possibly through Mexico, if I can get through without being stood up against a wall and shot as a gringo."

He wrote to his wife, Mrs. C. A. Barron, on October 1, and finished his letter with: "Goodbye—and you hear of me being stood up against a Mexican stone wall and shot in my pants, please know that I think that a pretty good way to depart this life."

The same day, October 2, 1912, he left Washington and headed south toward Pancho Villa.

Let us take a glance at this Villa. He was born Doroteo Arango, in the Mexican state of Durango, on October 6, 1878. At the time of Barron's trip he was just going his 34th birthday.

As a homeless youth, he got together a gang and changed his name to Francisco Villa. Later, for some reason of which history does not tell, he was given the nickname of Pancho.

Villa was not a nice boy. He was educated in the Three R's—robbery, rape and rustling, and later he was to add another R—revolution. His

well-organized band of cattle rustlers in the northern states worked so well that a price was put on Villa's head by the Diaz Government.

When Villa got a chance to muscle into the now-dead responsible states of politics, he took it, putting Madero in 1911 in his road against Diaz. Diaz had been, except for a few-year interval, dictator since 1908.

Francisco Madero's revolutionary army struck a little trouble because a man named Venustiano Carranza was pulling a counter revolution in the north, and the Huerta happened to capture Villa. But you couldn't hold a bandit like that. Villa escaped across the border into Texas.

Madero pulled off victory and became president, which was a very good reason (Madero) for several more revolutionary groups to spring into being, under command of Zapata in the south, and Obregon and Plutarco Elias (nephew of the former president) in the north. Madero's chief general, our old friend Huerta, with whom he had earlier joined forces, now deserted him. He turned on Madero, threw him into prison, and let the guards quickly assassinate the president. There was never a dull moment!

A guy named Venustiano Carranza did not like the treatment of his old boss, who had made him president at Cuauhtemoc. He protested against Madero's murder and started a new revolution of his own. Villa went back into Mexico and joined him.

Into this vortex of changing governments, assassinations and intrigues, moved Anderson Barron. And quickly vanished!

Why Villa's assistance, Carranza and Obregon? Barron, and became president. But Carranza looked upon Villa as a mere bandit and when Villa asked for his reward from the gods

of office he was still packing. Naturally, Vito started his own investigation, but was defeated by Carrasco's chief counsel, Orosco, who seven years later (1950) had Carrasco assassinated. Carrasco himself was assassinated in 1952.

Somewhere amongst all the fighting, Andrade Barros disappeared.

Evidence seemed to suggest that he had joined Vito. And Vito was a ruthless killer when he felt like it—and that was always. He might have taken a dislike to the general's curiosity or something?

When Mexico had one of those rare quiet spells between revolutions, many investigations went into the mystery where Barros had been seen.

There was one rather vague story that Barros had left Vito's side to join Carrasco, had been captured by a Vito general and shot. This was disproved, as were other stories of a like character.

He was an inveterate letter-writer. Now is it that he did not write to his daughter, his secretary, or one of his numerous friends? Or why wasn't he seen and recognized by the dozen of American newspaper correspondents who were with Vito's army?

Hogesphere and paid investigators went on probing and following leads until they prised out the Carrasco Government that took a hand. It appointed an American-educated Mexican officer, Gavino de Freitas, to conduct an investigation.

De Freitas set off with a dozen photos of old men, one of them Barros, showing questions and showing the photos—asking the interrogated to pick out Barros to substantiate my story well, then moving on as they failed. But although De Freitas was in the opposite camp to Vito, he could find no trace to prove Barros' marker on the board.

At last one Salvador Basco re-

cognized Barros's photo and said that Barros had accompanied him—he was a Vito's officer—in the siege of Oyanza, from a city fort whence had come Barros's last letter. This was in December, 1952, not long after Barros had arrived. There remembered Barros going to the barrio, which was a working-class, but he never saw him after Oyanza till on January 11, 1953.

The attack was under the command of a Vito's general named Oviedo. Vito passed him on January 7, six days after the siege had begun. After the battle, to prevent the spread of typhus, Vito had the corpses of his men and the enemy dead piled in heaps and burned.

It was an hypocrite custom, but acknowledged reason for historical purposes of identification of the killed.

Nevertheless among those bodies was that of Andrade Barros.

Having solved the mystery in his own estimation, de Freitas dropped the matter for 10 years. He was traveling America with a motor cycle troupe when he found an appeal from Harry McWilliams, Barros's biographer, for news of Barros.

The Mexican told his story, and, with that to go on, McWilliams round up other witnesses who corroborated hearing of the shooting of an old gringo in the siege. And McWilliams found enough big papers of Barros's dead secretary a sentence taken from Barros's last letter, "Death is no to Oyanza, partly by rail."

So there is no doubt that Barros's lead-filled body was excreted outside Oyanza, and that he had died in battle, in a way he would like to die. Which winds up the mystery of the death of Andrade Barros.

Just in case you're interested, Vito was assassinated in 1952. These boys had time for books—but not to do it!



"This might be a girl! Why a pretty gal would find time for a whole week on that?"

UTILISING A NARROW BLOCK TO ADVANTAGE

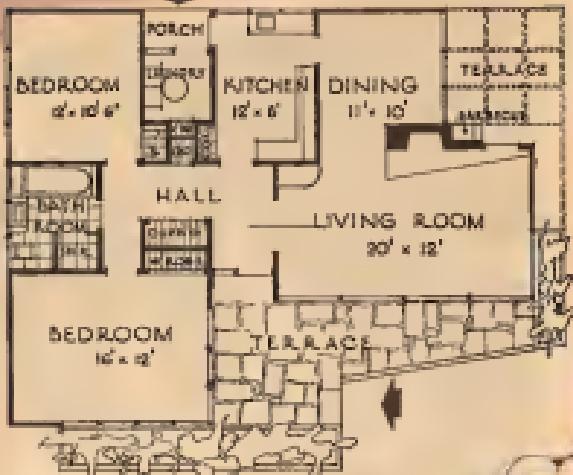


Although it is easier to design an attractive and impressive home with a wide footprint, it is still possible to produce pleasing results on the narrow, 20-foot building lot which are common to most suburban subdivisions.

CANALCADE suggests, in the accompanying sketches, a home for such a block.

The entrance facing the street has been provided to increase the living room area. In addition there is a second entrance at the rear of the house on which a barbecue is placed. There are two bedrooms, each with a built-in cupboard. The kitchen is fitted up with the usual cabinets, and a food store cupboard in addition. There is a convenient soap and laundry cupboard opening from the laundry, as well as a coat and linen cupboard in the main hall.

The overall area of this house, which could be built in either brick or timber, is 1,130 square feet.



The Home of Today (No. 94)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

The flooded Auckland Islands were the worst death trap in all the Southern Seas.



BATTLE FOR LIFE

CEDRIC R. MINTINPLAY

IT started on a night of rain and drizzling snow which masked the sound of breakers on the rocks. The twenty-eight men aboard the barque *Dundonald*, bound out of Sydney for London, the place was a broken mass of rock and swamp and scrub-covered hills known as the Auckland Islands—a sea-trap sprawling to south of New Zealand at latitude fifty south, full in the path of sailing ships running in the free, cold seas below Australia, Good Hope, and

The date was March 1, 1851, the vessel was the 100-ton barque *Dundonald*, bound out of Sydney for London; the place was a broken mass of rock and swamp and scrub-covered hills known as the Auckland Islands—a sea-trap sprawling to south of New Zealand at latitude fifty south, full in the path of sailing ships running in the free, cold seas below Australia, Good Hope, and

the Horn, and feared by all mariners. The survivors shivered the night out, then crept ashore. Twelve were gone, including Captain Thompson and his son. The others knew there would be an untidy burthen, for the mate, Dutton, was gray and passing with cold.

"Where?" They looked about them. The barque was gone, beaten to fragments against the rocky cliffs. Their abode was small, not much more than a cook shack. A long six miles of churning, treacherous sea separated them from the blue-green bulk of the main island.

"Where are we?" asked little thirty-year-old Albert Roberts, the ship's boy.

"Despairment Island," groaned a bearded old sailor. "In the Auckland—The most dilapidated house of rocks in all the Southern Seas."

They gathered round him, demanding information, and he told them his words punctuated by the creaks of the dying rats.

"Don't let the savages find you. Fifty-five years ago it faced Charles Gardner, and the biggest English seafarers, and Queen Victoria herself. They set out in ranks if the whitest capital of the world—shipped out a complete village of wooden houses. Their food ran out, and they ranged vastless lands, and stores, but no water. In the end they left the village abandoned on land!"

"So the village is still there?" Roberts asked.

The sailor shuddered. "Bolted away long since. Never was no one to anybody. The schooner *Grafton* was lost here in 1851. Her crew of five had been on rocks and birds for eighteen months, they managed to repair a boat. Three of them sailed her to Stewart Island, more than two hundred miles north."

"Thus there was the *Inverness*,

short the same time. Twenty-five men aboard, and all but one got ashore—and all but three did this. Then as round the other two sailors men found the body of one lad in one of the old huts. Then there was the *Glory Gull*—that never drove somewhere in a row under the cliffs, yet her valuable cargo from the Australian goldfields still aboard. The survivors were rounded eighteen months later—in out of eightytwo."

"And twenty years ago there was the *Derry Castle*—I almost sailed in her. Eighty men out of twenty-three. They were wrecked at Duthie Island, but they built a raft, crossed to the main island, lived off the wreck depot until rescued."

"The wreck depot?" breathed the American, Bob Ellis. "You mean there's food and shelter over there?"

"Aye." The old man gripped at his cigar-pipe. "The New Zealand Government put in a hut at Convict Harbour, and stocked it wif grub. A Government dinner calls every so often."

"Then all we've got to do is get to the main island and live in *Inverness*!" roared the American, Mack Gration.

The old sailor gasped, and looked at the dying rats. "That's all we've got to do," he said.

The following days and weeks were fully occupied with the business of staying alive. The survivors had one precious gift—the salt of fire. A search of pockets produced five soldiers' lighter matches. After three days of trudging in the tidal swash, the houses dry enough to light. From then on a fire was kept burning.

With their bare hands the men fought and killed seals, moulting penguins, and by wandering about, often pulling down their quarry by sheer weight of numbers and dogged strength and slitting it to death.

THOSE numerous claims that shatter up your insurance policy can sometimes be staggering. Recently a Kansas City surgeon paid \$1000 to assure against loss of either of his hands. Sometimes, in the policy, the word "limb" was inserted instead of "hand." Later, the doctor was involved in a shooting accident on a hunting trip and had his right foot amputated. Under his insurance policy, he collected \$10,000 — and still had both his hands to carry on his profession.

The weeks open out into months. Peiris died and was buried under a mound of stones. Always in the distance the huge hump-backed shapes of the main island mocked them.

In mid-July they started work on a craft designed to carry three men across the intervening water. It was a terrible-looking vessel—an oval-shaped framework of the twisted legumes of various shrubs, covered with leaves.

On July 11 the canoe was carried into the water and held steady while three men climbed aboard. They were Michael Poli, a Fijian; Santiago Marquez, a Chilean; and Bob Kline.

Armed by a few words, and map-pulling through paddles, they took a long time to work their way offshore. The others watched as they drove their way towards the main island. A day later they saw smoke—and then nothing for nine more days.

On the tenth day the canoe bore to right, moving very slowly. It turned over in the surf, and was smashed to pieces. The waiting canoe

swung dragged the crew to safety, but one look told them that there was no good news here.

Bob Kline told the others how the three had trudged for three days through interlocked scrub, swamp and stunted trees until their endurance was almost gone. On the way back they were suddenly attacked by a wild boar, but the three survivors and desperate now were a match for him. With a weapon that would not be destroyed, they took wounds from the boar's tusks in order to drag him down. The most brutal of these few days, but they could find nothing of the depot.

It was now at the depth of winter. The survivors needed every shred of cover they had to shelter themselves and their precious fire.

The men spent the time in scrabbling round the rocks looking for shells, and in searching the sun-pounded crevices at the foot of the cliff for eggs and living mussels.

Two more canoes were built, slightly larger than the first one. At the end of September one was launched, and soon was assembled, into it. The boatmen swept the rocky shore around, where the surf caught it and dashed it to pieces on the rocks. Miraculously, all four men were saved.

The castaways waited ten days before making another attempt. The third canoe was a little smaller than the other two, and its crew was carefully chosen. Everyone had a feeling that it was of the nature of a last chance. If it failed, they would all die of the food gone bad. The crew comprised two savages, Walrus and Ryo, a Norwegian named Knudsen, and an Indian, Chaiton.

They made the crossing safely, but the surf spilled them on the rocky shore, smashing the canoe and

scratching the fire they had carried over on a flat. Burned and bloodied, they spent precious time digging for the food that had been left in the canoe. They were drying their clothes when their meat came to them out of the boat.

It was a big white male, plainly injured by the sudden arrival of the visitors. Without stopping to put on their clothes, they threw themselves upon it. With the broken blades of a pair of shears they killed and skinned the seal, then made ready for the journey in search of the depot.

Their main loss had been the fire. Without it they could neither cook the seal-meat nor signal their friends on Disappointment Island.

Now they dogged steadily inland, making no more than a mile or two per day. There too at times, and twining branches and craggy-crevices sheltered them for all their course. They had one objective—to win their way to a high point on the island and try to pick up where the depot might be. At dusk on the fifth day, weary and spent, they found themselves on a ridge. They staggered up limply, before them was a white post, and on it the legend: "Depot 4 Miles."

In darkness they pressed ahead, Mike Grotting lagging the others going with a mix of anxiety and speculation. In moonlight they saw an inlet before them, and at the head of the inlet the roofs of those huts. A rich smell was revealed to their tired eyes—fire of wood, biscuits, meat, blankets, matches, a tin and ammunition, and a boat.

After a day or two of rest, they set out to rejoin their comrades. There was only one way to go that time, to circumnavigate the northern part of the island—a distance of 30 miles.

On the first attempt the boat was capsized, but on the second they waded the waist-deep, and stood out across the shore in single, unbroken line. The experienced seafarers of Disappointment Island could scarcely recognize their four miles as the new clothes they were wearing.

The boat was then pressed into service as a lorry. It loaded the seven blind castaways on the western shore of the main island to make the enclosed trap, and took the others around.

In good heart, the men walked down for a long stage. They served little benefit which they furnished with persistence of their flight before turning their backs upon the sea. They gazed ashore and listened intently to them.

But their ordeal was almost over. On Friday, November 16, 1952, a sleek, polished steamer was sighted sailing in for the island. She was the New Zealand Government steamer *Minerva*, one of her regular runs around the wreck depots. Within as long as the castaways had their long-dried tea and tobacco, with many other comforts. Within a fortnight, after the ship had landed other whalers, they were landed at Bluff at the southern end of New Zealand.

The castaways scattered to the four winds, following their calling and the sea-lions. The boy named Alastair Roberts at once a youth became employed by the Wellington Harbour Board.

In his possession is a silver plate which was once part of a little service boat the castaways launched from the depot, and which made the long journey to Campbell Island. The frame of the first canoe is in the Christchurch Museum—a tribute to fifteen men who would not accept defeat.

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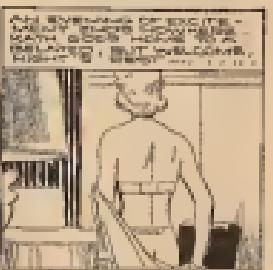
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THE FLYING MACHINE

HE THUNDERED DOWN THE STRAIGHT OBVIOUS OF EVERYTHING BUT WINNING THE RACE HE HAD BEEN WARNED TO THROW

GRAHAM BLACKWELL • FICTION

WEST BYRON, back in the stirrups and his body draped across Dancer's long, short-necked neck, started his mount toward the turn into the straight. The reins close to his hands made a rhythmic whale-like throb at the base of every marrow.

Half-way down the straight he came out harder against the smooth, collared neck—he clenched mouth against the horse's left ear exciting a loud croak from him. West and Dancer were old friends—Sauvage and West could handle the soft leather better than the saddlebred jockeys.

He turned leader approaching the post, whirled into the packed car for an added effort and drove Dancer hard within the line. Then he leaned back gently against the reins and raised the horse up half a furlong further down the course.

Sent Finch, West Byron's master, and Dancer's trainer, led them off the track, his short, paunchy body leaning with rhythmic excitement and all of his fibby, clear-blown fire crackled with a deep flush as the seconds ticked.

"Here's a look, son, four furlongs

He rode desperately with whip and boot, leaning hard against Dancer's neck,

in forty-nine, he came down the last furlong in twelve full into that wind. "This is something the gods reward!"

West grimaced as he loosened the wooden strap around his neck and gave the lug out an affectionate pat. "I reckon he's gonna give the afternoon's Derby a mighty shake, Mr. Finch. Whatever beats Dancer will just about win it, if you ask me."

West dismounted then and walked the horse back to the stable attached almost adjacent to the racetrack behind the dressing room stalls. Finch walking beside them, and in his eye was the same look of affection for the horse as in the boy's.

Outside, the lanky cheetah, had been first on the track the morning Finch, the veteran jockey, had learned and witnessed to all the wrinkles, had wasted his charge worked out fast. West figured he didn't want the opposition to see just what they were up to, and with his gun in the racing cone he ought to know what he was doing.

Dancer was pranced down and fed by West under Finch's earnest supervision. In spotless silence, Finch

had watched West working on the colt with untiring effort.

"You're all new with that colt, aren't you, sir?" he said then.

"Of course, Mr. Finch," West returned enthusiastically. "Dancer except me all my life the day he made the Braeside Flat field look like dry bones." His eyes were bright as he worked away at the gleaming shovels.

From above, Dancer whinnied as if to acknowledge the boy's compliment. A bay grin crossed Finch's face, and West held his hand up against the horse's head. Dancer's eyes didn't even flinch beneath the warm, heavily palm cupped against them. Those eyes seemed to express a kind of mute affection which subtle boys and dyed-in-the-wool boosters understood.

West, throughout his years of apprenticeship, had waited patiently for the day when he would be good enough to get a race ride on a track call like Braeside. That was what his father had hoped for, too, before he had the fatal run crash, leaving West alone in the world with no one but Sam Finch. His father always used to boast the lad would make a fine-tempered jockey one day. West still he was, in a way, carrying a torch for that future his father had predicted.

As Finch's apprentice rider he was used to the hard work it demanded. He neither liked the exertion while riding, nor the constant running about, pulling horses down, breaking, galloping the horses on short, say, gallop-ups, putting them to bed and for the most part, living with them.

But never for a moment did his exclusive water-on-air ambition to set day be lagged up in case colours off the back of a horse like Dancer with the chance to fulfil his father's hopes.

But he had made a start, even if

it was an unconscious one. Finch had given him a few rides on provincial tracks. He had displayed unusual courage and horsemanship, even though the master Finch gave him always "aren't ready" to win races.

Tom West would go on looking after Dancer, getting him conditioned each Saturday for Finch's number one pony, Johnny Ryan. Then one day he'd be a Johnny Ryan, riding all those exhilarating trials of thumping down the straight on a close thoroughbred, length ahead of the field, with Finch's colours following in the wind and his ears filled with the frenzied cheering in the packed stands.

"Anything about the colt you want me to tell Ryan, West?" asked Finch in his drawling way, forgetting nothing that might have a bearing on the afternoon's race.

"No, Mr. Finch . . . what about Dancer this afternoon?"

"We'll get there if they please. Sorry Roy told I think they will. But all the Derby fields gonna see about Dancer's heat, eh, lad?"

West nodded with enthusiasm. Then Finch said:

"I want you to galloper on this stall and breakin' Dancer in the stall at the other end . . . and West, watch that horse, Hunter, I mean, he's a vicious brony of horsepower. That's why I want him skidin'. he'll look his way out of the stall 'fore he know where under."

After breakfast West made his way back to the stable enclosure and released Hunter, the tiny, jaded stallion who had been passed over.

Hanlie led Dancer out of the stall and hopped him in one of the far wings of the enclosure, according to Finch's instructions. Then West went to collect Hunter, and led the giant

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station back to the stall Dancer had just vacated.

Buster was angry. An outraged creature he had sent panics and Fouch a lot of tidings many because he preferred to savage other horses and crash through the barrier strands rather than run honestly. The newspapers labelled him an outlaw, the track panics called his harsher name. Fouch didn't really know what to do with him, though the track panics would have been pleased to give him a few suggestions.

The other stable boys were afraid of Buster, even since he had bolted out at young racetracks and put him in hospital. But West could handle him. In fact, West liked Buster, merely because of that horse's amazing resemblance to Dancer.

Buster had the same markings, a diamond-shaped smudge of white on his forehead and a white tick on his near foreleg. Each time West looked at Buster he saw Dancer. But Buster was savage, too savage for a racehorse, and West knew better than to turn his back on him for too long or to take any chances with him.

As he walked the fence across the exercise yard, Buster snorted and swung around suddenly on his hind legs. When he came down he landed on West with bad legs. West dashed back, then closed in slowly, shortening his crop lead and growing the snorting began above slowly, taking all the time to paralyse him, although he knew there was little chance of doing that.

Buster tried to kick his way out of Dancer's stall after West had locked him in there. After turns, he stood quietly, his hind overhanging the stall door. His eyes, fiery, malignant, malignant, followed West's every movement, and he was still trembling

with the mad rage inherent in him. It was an hour later that Ben Fouch returned to the stable, the lines of his fleshy face drawn tighter than usual with strain. Preparation coursed down his face and neck. West, sitting around the door of Dancer's stall, watched him crossing the exercise yard and noticed the urgency in his walk and the evident worry on his face.

"Would West?" he called, before even entering the stable. "Is there West?"

West answered, and for a moment Fouch's presence disclosed:

"Get over to the house and check your colours, and clean up those books of yours, you're riding that afternoon." Fouch blurted out. His voice was urgent. The boy's nerves trembled in his hands. He is raw from the stool his mouth has been his face incredulous. In his estimation he could hardly speak.

"You...you mean..." he stammered.

"You're going pilot Dancer in the Derby. Now do what I'm telling ya."

"But Ryan? What about Ryan?" West blurted out.

"Ryan's sick. Clean up your gear and come to the course in the trailer. I'll see you there."

West made his way back to the stall where Buster was, his brain trying to snap out something from a confused welter of thoughts. He kept telling himself that the whole situation was real, that it wasn't just a dream. He had dreamt so often before, that he really was going to pilot Dancer in the Derby in just a few hours time.

Buster was keeping silent on the Derby cold as West unwillingly recurred to Buster's new stable for his riding equipment, his race saddle and riding boots.

He sat against the stable door,

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ago swaddling out before him, rubbing the polish vigorously into the dark, scaly leather of his boots, leather from above glistening down at her.

And still his thoughts whirled — thoughts about a gesture's who pulled out in the word, but too close to Dancer's short pants and something sounds shouting where he could not hear.

Suddenly the weak sun spilling through the stable entrance was shut off. West looked up at a burly figure draped across the doorway, in profile, yellow face creased in a half-smile. He noticed the man's sharp-cut, pre-arranged suit and gaudy necklace.

West felt uneasy. The smile shaped by the thick, enormous lips was sinister. But the deep voice was smooth and friendly enough to belie the stranger's appearance.

"My name's Leitch, you West Brown?" he began, catching the light over hat back off his forehead. West nodded.

"How you're riding Dancer at the Derby?"

"Never levels fast," West countered, flinting confidence.

"That Dancer!" Leitch called, pointing to Dancer, who began to stamp and bang against the walls of his stall, fuming at the appearance of a stranger. West nodded, complying with Footh's instructions to tell strangers nothing.

"Yeah, that's Dancer," he replied.

"Most posters seem to think he's got the Derby all on his own."

"Could be."

"Listen, Ed, I'll get down to business the best way. I'll give you a need to pull this off this afternoon." He spoke with a deadfall of menace. His face expression. The deep-setted eyes were wonderfully penetrating. West started. He forced himself trembling.

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FIG. 17

he just shuffled before his spear—a sort of cold shivering on the track, of sweat and grime and long hours ALL for what? For a chance one day in a big race. And as they were in, that big chance. But a guy called Litchell had suddenly turned up from nowhere, to wreck all that. Presently there was a payoff at both ends?

From the numerous whispers outside his house, West sampled one out. Chuck that race, lad, he said; after all, it's just another one in a lifetime, better to stop boasting and check it. Another paid. Go out there and smash that Derby field. What about that looks you've kept burning for your old man?

And what if he did do just that, go right ahead and doily Litchell? West reflected again. What if he did stick to Fresh and the thousands of pictures who'd be looking on the chestnut? He shuddered and moaned. Litchell snorted three.

He left Rustler alone then, and returned to the house to check his riding colours.

At the same time, the steaming waves through the lead striker roared the strains and riffs for the long Derby field. The din of pulsion and hoofbeats burgeoning like the odds illustrated through the heat of the sun moon. But West heard only one voice now. It said: Chuck that race, lad, and stay alive; Litchell means business.

He threw the saddle across Dancer's silvery back and strapped it tight underneath. Then he turned to Fresh for his riding instructions. Fresh tapped with the stripes of his harnesses looped around his neck.

"Keep her heady behind the leaders, son, and don't cover top come ground. Make your run from the Lager, not a moment before."

But West's eyes were clouded, and there was a hollow gawking of fear

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inside his stomach. He didn't hear Finch's instructions, only that someone who signs pounds every minute has been given the run, kid, it said. Latchet never learned!

Across a valley of chasm, West spurred Danzer down to the bottom, then to the ridge. When the master called the field of sheepfolds into line, he found the big chestnut seemed to stand up squarely in the starting gates. His tail upright, his hoofs clomping the surface more hard, his when clasped in his left hand with the reins.

When the starter pressed the starting button, sending the barrier streak flying into the air, West fell across Danzer's neck, working when legs and arms in an uncoordinated movement. The master jumped a length clear. He steered Danzer across to the rails fell in behind the big bay pacemaker. The packed field thundered past the starting post the first time round with a mile and a quarter of the journey to cover.

The tactics of pacifying horses was confined against the steaming bull. West rode vigorously to keep his position on the rails. And then he saw it, among the rail of horses and dust a face, Latchet's face!

Miraculously he stopped riding and Danzer dropped back through the field. His eyes studded. There was Latchet's grinning face, transparent against the horses, trailing watercolor. Chuck it, he shouted, chuck it!

Then miraculously Danzer was swept around the turn into the straight. The cheering of eighty thousand throats blared like one tumultuous roller. West looked up at the pack of brown shiny backs before him.

Suddenly Finch's strained face echoed the vision of Latchet before his narrowing eyes. Now make your run now! Now! Finch shouted.

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West unshuffled a card. Dancer was helplessly balanced on Sonny Boy just broken away from the pack on the straitjacket and was three lengths clear with a burlesque to go. Four boxes blocked the long span between Dancer and the leader. West crossed for room to get through along the rails.

Nothing less than a "hidden passage" man could make it possible for Dancer to reach the leader. But right now Dancer was trapped, naked of from daylight by polished decks and pounding hooves in front and behind him.

West looked up again. Sonny Boy roared further ahead. The horse whickered, his eyes were ajar with pain, his heart was pounding like a piston hammer.

He screamed for room again, but the air of horses looking the tort and the various cheering strengthened the yell almost on his lips.

Then it came! The wall of horses turned out from the wide tier of the rails, only for an instant. Instantly West drove his weight through the narrow passage, riding desperately with whip and boot, twisted hard against Dancer's pinched ears.

Was it possible to peg Sonny Boy back? West fired the question at himself. No chance! He fell determined as he drove his willing mount through the space, propelling an infant with all the native strength of his small body.

Sonny Boy was still the lengthier horse, with quivering muscles of flesh and neck, glistening with sweat across his blue-black body. He was sweating for still more speed, racing down the center of the track in a straight line for the photo finish cameras.

Rearmost calling erupted from the crowd waiting along the rails. They were jeering at West, but he couldn't



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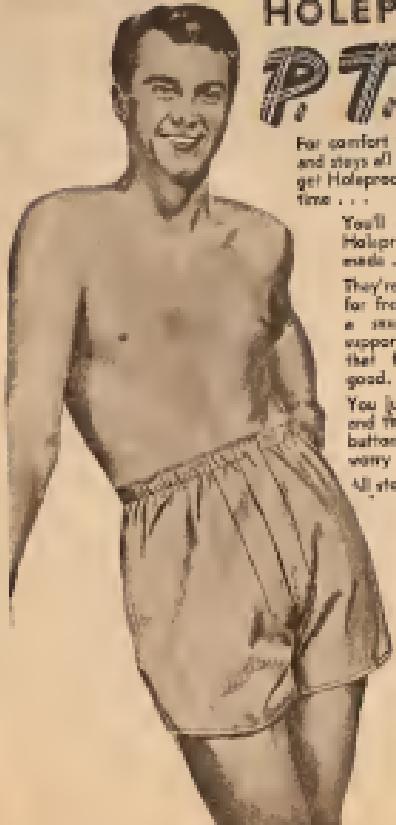
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bore them. He was dancing with beat and whip made a rattled compartment into which he sang guttural except Frank's stifled voice that kept sniping. Now! Now! Now!

Rogers Dancer was gathering them in, straining every muscle. Four horses to pass. Now three. Now two. Now Single Boy. Level now! Both horses strained stroke for stroke, perhaps feeling whips wildly.

The post suddenly seemed to die in life. It rocked to meet them. West's parted lips were drawn taut across his face. Violently he jerked both arms up around Dancer's head to stretch the neck out to the full. At the wrenching post sped by, he could feel the other horse's leathered body crushing against his back.

They walked the writhing Dancer back to his stable after the presentation. Ranch was saying:

"You've ridden a Derby winner, Ed, by name. How does it feel?"

West couldn't answer. He was pulled-tired, sick, his nerves singed like high tension wires. Ranch brought his clumsy hand across

West's back in friendly appreciation. "You ride just like your old dad then was."

Home again, West went to Hunter's stable. It was as he was drawing the cross latch back to peek the doors open that he saw it. The door he had forced stands bare since vanishing the Derby exploded. He cried out.

Mouth gaping he stared down at scattered straw. It was spattered there with blood. He suffered.

His eyes travelled further along the band of light, to the indigo blood-red mass of pointed-striped suit, to the red face wrinkled out of its natural possiblity with a yearning gaze in its depths. Butcher stood back against the stable wall, still looking and shivering.

It was Letchell. Labians now sprawled beneath the shelter he had believed was Dancer. The colt had smaller markings. West's free travel at the deduction. Every limb in his body seemed to be shaking.

Hunter was as pale.

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Talking Points

SHE-WOLF . . .

Hairy teams with ponies, prehistoric women, but few of them can match the *Bronx Mountain*, whose story Damon Runyon vividly pictures in "Whoopee Woman in Town," on page 4. Married to the middle-aged, leather-bound Roman Emperor Clodius at 16, her nature unbridled and eventually turned that hell-bent creature against her.

BODY SNATCHING . . .

In the bad old days before the passing of the Australian Act of 1922, the majority of bodies in medical schools for dissection practice was a lucrative racket. Body-snatchers raided cemeteries to dig up and steal recently-entered corpses from their graves. Believers and friends took to guarding graves at night. To keep up their profits, the body-snatchers often resorted to murder. Their victims were poor workmen whom they razed into false-looking houses and did knock-out drops. As soon as they were helpless, they were quickly strangled and their bodies rushed off in the dead of night, who conveniently asked no questions. On page 1, John Adams gives you details of the various methods.

WILDLIFE GEMMES . . .

In "When the Gulls Tell 'Em" (page 50), well-known sports expert Stanley George Abbott introduces you to the latest American phenomenon, the

Salmon Roarer Derby. Syd tells us they are now so popular that the few people who have not succumbed to the boom will find time may be "borrowed" to the extreme relatives before they were introduced to stock, drugs, disease and other refinements of the salmon meat civilization."

NEXT MONTH . . .

We think CANALCAGE next month is something really out of the box, and we'll probably agree after giving a lead of this line-up. In "All in My House is Yours" long-time Creswick's favorite Lester Way has come up with a deadly bit of research up of the strange customs among certain native people of offering guests, as a final token of hospitality, the share of a wife, sister or daughter as sleeping companion for the evening. "The Wad-Wad Man," by James Bellidge, gives you the low-down on "Uncle" Svennsson, who has the headlines in the U.K. in the trials for strange American adventures and unconventional weapons!

The fetus, too, is something to talk about. D'Arcy Niland is represented by a typical, tough, punch-laden episode from the wild New Zealand guerrillas in the Depression in "The Quarry in the Tree Top." Another well-known Australian short-story writer is Owen Casey. Another will charm the narrator with "The Twitching Face."



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